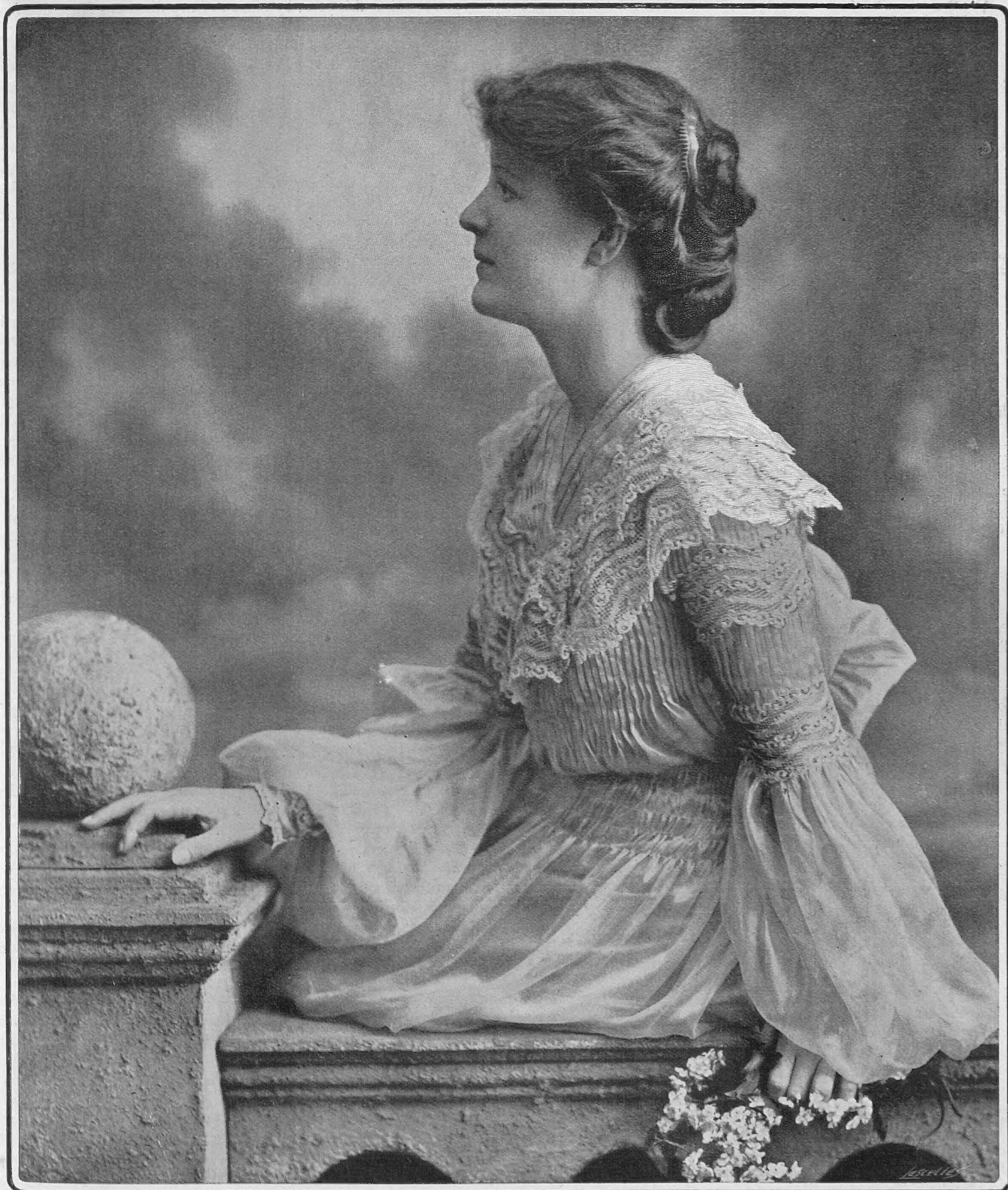




No. 504.—VOL. XXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES AS DOUCE KENNETT IN "CHANCE, THE IDOL,"

AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

AFTER all, the fascination of the theatre proved too strong for me, and so, denying myself, for the nonce, the warmth of the Southern sun, or the poetry of the lonely moor, or the exhilaration of the September sea, I journeyed up to Manchester on Monday of last week to witness the first performance of the revival of "As You Like It" at the Prince's Theatre. Let me say at once that my journey was well undertaken, for never have I seen a daintier or more interesting performance of this wonderful comedy. I should not like to assert that the production was too good for Manchester, but I have no hesitation in saying that it is good enough for London. Even Mr. Beerbohm Tree, I think, would be envious of Stafford Hall's "Lawn before the Duke's Palace" and R. McCleery's "Forest of Arden" scene. Hawes Craven's "Forest," by the way, was a little disappointing; one has learnt to expect so much from him. The scenery as a whole, however, was charming to a degree, nor would it have been possible to improve upon Mr. Wilhelm's graceful costumes.

So much for the mere accessories. The success of any Shaksperian revival, however, must depend mainly upon the players, and, on the whole, Mr. Robert Courtneidge may be congratulated upon having selected his Company with admirable knowledge and skill. The ladies are the weaker side of it. Miss Nora Kerin, I am afraid, has yet to recognise the true beauties of Shakspeare's lines. She looked delightful, acted with animation, and was never inaudible. But, to my mind, she spoke too fast; there was none of that gentle dallying with the graceful phrases that the poet has put into the mouth of this bewitching heroine. Miss Jenny Buckle, too, was hardly a success as Celia. Her fault was the same as Miss Kerin's; she delivered her lines in hard, monotonous tones that were quite at variance with the gentle nature of Rosalind's devoted little friend. Miss Clare Greet made a good Audrey; she must take care not to "clown" the part, however. Manchester audiences are sometimes inclined to guffaw at extravagances and yawn over genuine humour; I hope Miss Greet will not be led astray by any such lack of taste.

If the women of the cast are a little weak, the men are undoubtedly strong. Mr. Gerald Lawrence, as I expected, makes a very handsome and a very tender Orlando. His scene with old Adam, excellently played by Mr. O. B. Clarence, was quite one of the best things of the evening and stirred a very dull audience to enthusiasm. Another performance that pleased them was Mr. Holbrook Blinn's thoughtful, dignified Jaques. I was inclined to think that Mr. Blinn might have made the part more impressive; his modesty, however, was a fault on the right side. Mr. Gerald Kay Souper was good as Oliver, and Mr. John Doran sang his songs charmingly. But the best performance of the evening, I think, was the Touchstone of Mr. Courtice Pounds. I can see him before me as I write, that dear old philosopher of the Forest, with his sweet voice, his winning smile, his gentle ways, his careless wisdom, his little bursts of melody. The part fitted him like a glove. Excuse the triteness of the remark; in this case, it happens to be true.

I had not been in Manchester for several years, and I was interested to renew my acquaintance with the town and the people. No one will deny that it is a noisy place; indeed, I fail to see how it could well be otherwise seeing that the streets are paved with cobbles and traversed from morning to night by heavy, lumbering trolleys. At the same time, there is an impressive earnestness about the town; everybody seems to know what he wants and to have made up his mind to get it. Manchester people do not loaf; they are workers. After the suavity of Londoners, their manners seem a little hard and forbidding, but when they have decided to like a man they like him well and make good, honest friends. At any rate, that is my impression of them.

I write from Filey, the little seaside resort on the North-East Coast that has this year, by reason of two disasters for which it was in no way responsible, been an object of unenviable notoriety. I say that Filey was not responsible for the disasters because neither of the accidents took place at Filey. The five children who were drowned on the sands were not even staying at Filey, but at a village further south where the sands are known to be shifting and treacherous. Then, with regard to the two boatmen and two visitors whose craft was capsized in a squall—one of the visitors and the two boatmen being drowned—it must be borne in mind that the accident occurred at some distance from Filey, and that none of the other boatmen would go out in that direction on account of the weather. The circumstances of the case were exceptional. I take this opportunity of setting my readers right upon the point, not because I hold any brief for Filey, but simply for the reason that the place is much too charming to be allowed to suffer from the inexactness of the Daily Press.

Apart from the beauty of the situation and the bracing quality of the air, I suppose the most striking thing about Filey is its respectability. We are all fearfully respectable. No roundabouts or cocoanut-shies for us, thank you. Even our niggers are not niggers; they are Pierrots. We watch their antics—quite respectable antics—from a dignified distance, rather as though we were making a psychological study of them than listening to their comic songs. Our great excitement is to walk as far as the Brigg and see the waves dash themselves helplessly against the rocks. Some of us bathe a little, but demurely. At one o'clock we all go in to lunch, and at seven o'clock we dine. We do not talk very much to casual strangers; we keep ourselves to ourselves, read the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Filey Advertiser*, and go to bed between ten and eleven. Sometimes the local brass band plays for an hour or two. It seems to prefer slow tunes to quick ones, and, every now and then, ekes out a scanty repertoire with a hymn.

On Friday, I attended the funeral of the elder of the two boatmen drowned at the beginning of the week. All day long the boats had lain idle on the shore, for the boatmen were mourning their lost comrades and would not ply their trade until the funeral was over. Filey Church, a grand, rugged old building, stands at the summit of the cliff and forms a cheering landmark for those who go down to the sea in ships. The churchyard is quite beautiful; tall trees shade it on two sides and every grave is bright with natural flowers. The people were assembling rapidly as I turned in at the simple little gate. Tragically conspicuous was the newly dug grave, waiting, all cold and gloomy, to receive the latest victim of that siren, the Sea. By the side of the grave, clothed in deepest black from head to foot, sat an old, old woman, crooning to herself. I took her to be the mother of the drowned man, and, respecting her sorrow, moved away from the grave-side and joined the throngs of visitors and townsfolk at the church-door. And then, far away, we heard the sound of men's voices chanting a funeral dirge. The fishermen were bearing their comrade to his grave.

I did not wait for the service, but struck away across the fields to a distant point of the cliffs. The sea was quiet then. The tide was coming in, and, as the long, thin waves crept caressingly over the smooth sands, it was easy to understand the fascination of the cruel monster for the simple children of nature who were born to do her bidding. Fifty years, boy and man, had her latest victim served her, worshipping as he fought. And now he had been beaten, and was being laid to rest beneath the walls of the grey old church that had so often served to guide him through the storm. . . . Below me, on the sea-wall, the boats lay idle in the afternoon sun.

"Chicest"



THE REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

(See "Motley Notes.")

SKETCHES BY DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

THE CLUBMAN.

"La Chasse"—A Great Day—French "Politeness"—"Le Tob."

I HAVE been slowly making my way Southwards to sunshine and the warm, smooth sea, which breaks into long rollers as it nears the rocks which stud the Bay of Biarritz and comes to the sand in a surge of foam, in which the bathers jump up and down like floats in a mill-race. In my leisurely journey certain trivial things have impressed themselves upon me, and those I now jot down.

It seems to me that the cat, Kilkenny or of any other breed, should no longer hold the record for multitude of lives, for I am sure that, if pussy has nine existences, a French partridge must have double that number. How any birds see the end of a shooting season in the North of France is a puzzle. I went from Boulogne to Paris on a Sunday, and I do not think I exaggerate when I say that in one out of every four fields I saw in the early portion of the journey there were two men, a gun, and a dog. The country looked as though the population had risen *en masse*, and as if the men who had arms were practising a new drill of attack, after the South African model. I do not wonder that the red-legged partridge is such a confirmed runner. If he flew habitually in his own country, he would be blown to pieces on the first Sunday after the opening of "la Chasse."

This dotting of sportsmen in every other square of land, like pieces on a chess-board, must be more distressing to the birds than the sweeping of the country that goes on further South, though it is less majestic and considerably less dangerous to the shooters. I was once invited to one of these great sweeps across country in the Midi, and it was not at all a bad preparation for the baptism of fire in real warfare. All the neighbours who had guns or dogs assembled on the lawn before a central château, and anybody who cared to look on and shout put in an appearance also. The show of arms would have made the fortune of a museum, for everything had been brought into the field which could hold powder and not burst, from muzzle-loaders, of which the nipple had to be primed with powder, to the very latest English choke-bores. The method of the shoot was simple. The army—for such it almost was—strung itself out in an irregular line, men with guns in front, boys with dogs next, and critics and shouters in reserve, and then marched across country, shooting everything that got up before the armed men or on any side of them. I asked my host what I was to shoot at, and he told me "foxes and hares and partridges"—all birds and beasts I might see. I asked if I was to kill field-mice, and he smiled and said, "yes," if I could hit them. Why neither of my neighbours peppered me during the passage of the Gallic horde over the country I do not know, for, if a hare broke back, they seemed always to wait till it was in a line with my legs before firing. The ceremony at the end of the day, when each man laid out his bag and the total was counted up, was impressive. I think every bird having its habitat in the South of France was represented amongst the slain, and in the "varique" class a squirrel which one sportsman had accounted for was included.

I was witness of a little incident which seemed to me typical of French "politeness." I travelled from Bordeaux to Biarritz in one of the carriages attached, at the former place, to the Sud Express, and they were, as all trains are at this time of the year in France, filled with passengers to their holding capacity. I had secured my seat early, and a little, fair-haired Frenchman, wearing a red ribbon in his black coat, whom I put down as being a "homme d'affaires," was even earlier. As the train started, a fat Frenchman, with white

waistcoat and yellow summer-coat and a peaked beard, and two ladies, evidently his wife and his sister-in-law, got into the carriage and stood in the corridor. The fat Frenchman looked into every compartment, and became a man with a grievance when he found that all the seats were occupied. Presently I looked at the man with the red ribbon, and he looked at me, and we rose, made our bows to the ladies, and offered them our corner-seats. The fat Frenchman, as he stood with us in the corridor, looked into the compartment and saw his wife making preparation to go to sleep in her corner, and walked in to where she was. He lifted up the arm between the seats and motioned to her to sit on the narrow space thus created, while he himself let his plump body slide into the seat the man with the red ribbon had given up to the lady, and closed his eyes quickly, pretending to be asleep, lest the rightful owner should come in and claim the seat. The lady sat patiently bolt upright on the few inches of space given her, and the man with the red ribbon looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

Had the slumberer been in my seat, I would most certainly have evicted him as one evicts the elusive winkle with the crooked pin.

I had ample opportunities of seeing what is the style of luggage that the French middle-class family going to the seaside travels with, and I came to the conclusion that French lodging-houses must have reached the stage of development that our seaside lodgings came to about forty years ago, for every family had, amongst its pile of impedimenta, perambulators, chairs, and a zinc bath packed to the full, with sacking corded over it. I remember that, when I, as a small boy, used to be annually taken to the South Coast for the benefit of my very robust health, a travelling-bath, white inside and painted imitation oak outside, with a cover which fastened on with a strap, was amongst the baggage which accompanied me, and every other small boy and small girl travelling had a similar one. Nowadays, a British lodging-house keeper would resent the appearance of a bath as throwing doubts on the resources of her establishment, but in France the custom of "le tob," though it has become a daily habit in Paris, has not yet been accepted as being necessary in the provinces.



MR. HARRY DE WINDT.

This photograph was taken on the completion of his overland journey from Paris to New York by Taber of San Francisco.

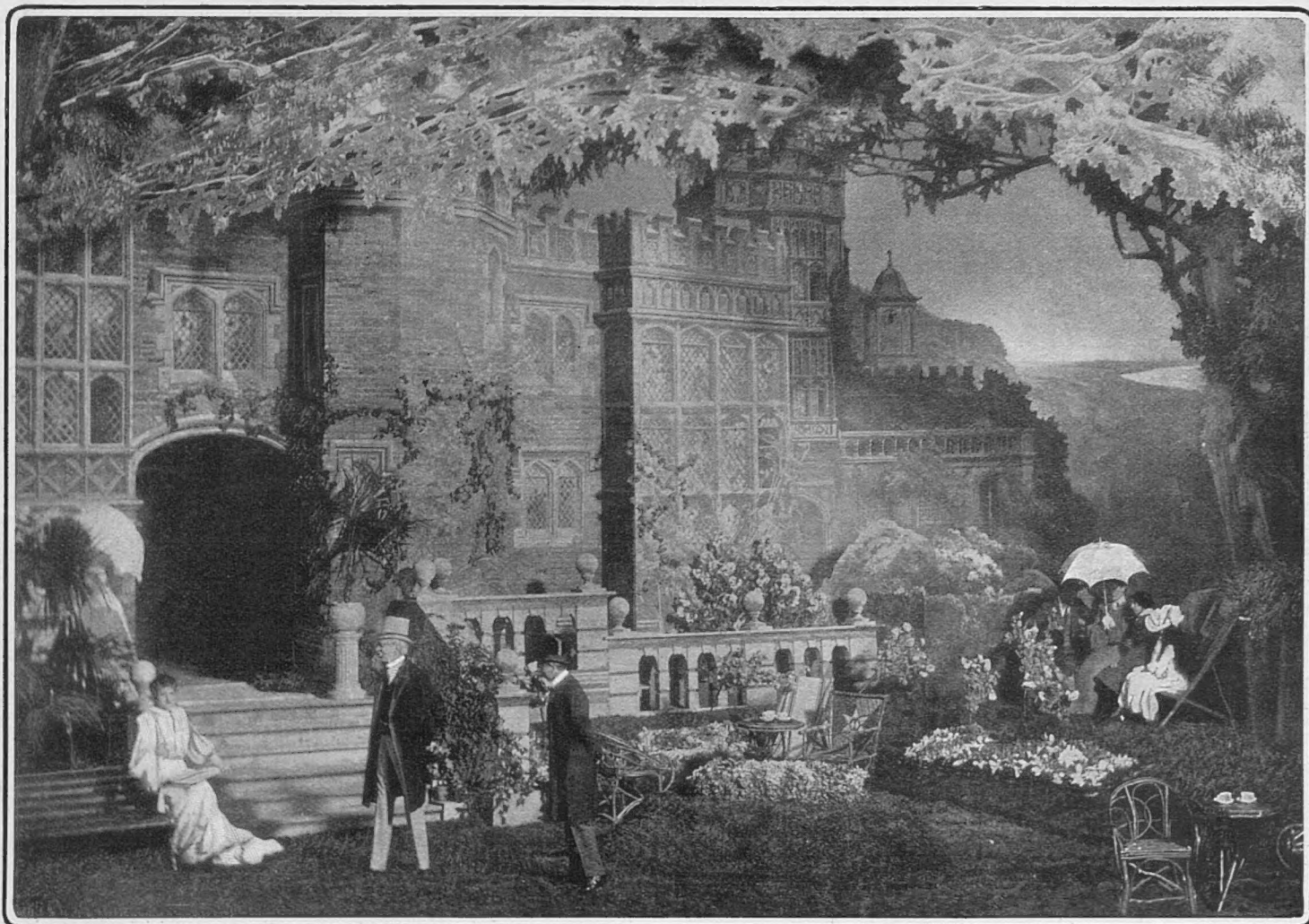
MR. HARRY DE WINDT.

Mr. Harry de Windt was born at Epinay, near Paris, in 1856, and is just the age of Lieutenant Peary. In 1887 he went by land from Pekin to Paris, then a very difficult journey. In 1889 he rode from Russia to India through Persia and Baluchistan in seven months (from St. Petersburg to Bombay). In 1890, de Windt was sent by the Russian Government to investigate its prison system in Siberia. Mr. Kennan had given such alarming and terrible accounts of Siberian prisons that the Russian Government wished to have an unbiassed and honest report as to their condition from a disinterested

party. Mr. de Windt found the Siberian prisons admirably conducted, the officials humane, and averred that he would sooner suffer a term of penal servitude in the worst jail in Siberia than the best prison in England. In 1894, de Windt continued his researches, travelling to the Island of Sakhalin in a Russian convict-ship.

In 1896, de Windt attempted his great overland journey from Paris to New York by land for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On this occasion, Alaska was crossed, also Behring Straits, on the Siberian coast of which de Windt was robbed and ill-treated by unfriendly natives and eventually saved by an American whaler (after enduring two months of captivity and great hardships), by which he was brought back to San Francisco. Mr. de Windt has just lately succeeded in a task never hitherto accomplished, and one which may have an important result—the girdling of the world by rail. It was with this object that de Windt set out on his overland voyage round the world, and it is his opinion that the construction of an all-round line from France to America would present no insuperable difficulties.

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

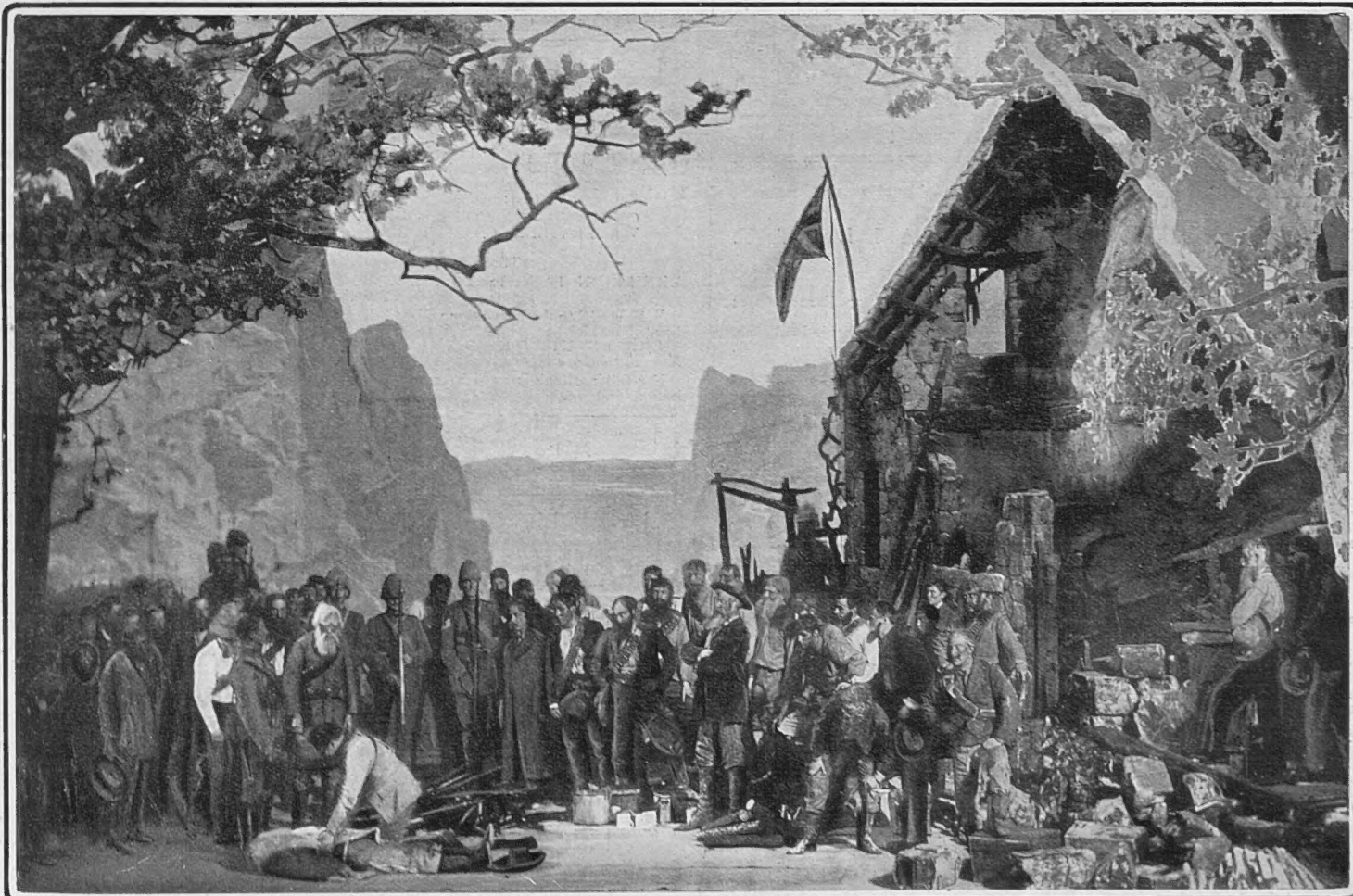


Lady Aline Redwood
(Mrs. Cecil Raleigh).

Duke of Richborough
(Mr. C. M. Lowne).

Lord Amesbury
(Mr. H. Reeves-Smith).

ACT II., SCENE 2.—THE TERRACE AT RIVERLEA HALL.



ACT III., SCENE 3.—SURRENDER OF THE LAST COMMANDO: DEATH OF GENERAL DE LAHNE.

Photographs by Gordon Smith, Stoke Newington, N.

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BRISTOL TENTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

OCTOBER 8, 9, 10, and 11, 1902.

WEDNESDAY.—1 p.m., "Elijah"; 8 p.m., "Antigone" (Mendelssohn), Concerto A Minor (Grieg), "Fantasia Africa" (Saint-Saëns), "Landerkenning," &c.

THURSDAY.—1 p.m., "Coronation Ode" (Elgar), "Hungarian Fantasia" (Liszt), "St. Christopher" (Parker); 8 p.m., "Hiawatha" (Coleridge-Taylor).

FRIDAY.—1 p.m., "Trauer-Marsch," "Götterdämmerung" (Wagner), "Requiem" (Berlioz), "Ride of the Valkyries," "Wotan's Abschied" (Wagner), "Bergliot" (Grieg), "Overture 1812" (Tchaikowsky), &c.; 8 p.m., "Emperor Concerto" (Beethoven), "Polish Fantasia" (Paderewski), Overtures, Songs, &c.

SATURDAY.—2.30 p.m., "Messiah."

Vocalists: Mesdames Albani, Agnes Nicholls, Clara Butt, Alice Lakin; Messrs. William Green, Charles Saunders, Andrew Black, Plunket Greene, and Watkin Mills. Reciters: Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. R. de Cordova. Pianoforte: M. Paderewski, Miss Verne, and Mr. Leonard Borwick. Conductor: Mr. Geo. Riseley.

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In connection with above Races the Great Central Railway Company will run Excursions as under—

On Thursday, Sept. 25, for 2, 3, or 5 days, to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Penistone, Guide Bridge, Ashton, Oldham, and MANCHESTER, leaving London (Marylebone) 1.30 p.m., Harrow 12.24 p.m.

On Friday, Sept. 26, for 1 or 2 days, and Saturday, Sept. 27, for 1 or 3 days, to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and MANCHESTER, leaving Marylebone at 2.45 a.m.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

On Saturday, Sept. 27, cheap excursions for 3, 6, and 8 days will be run from London (Marylebone) to the principal towns in the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North of England.

On Sunday, Sept. 28, Day and Half-day tickets will be issued to Fimere, Brackley, Woodford and Hinton, Rugby, Luttreth, Le'cester, Loughborough, and Nottingham.

Every Saturday in September, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Cleethorpes, Liverpool, Southport, Chester, Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Saltburn, Tynemouth, Douglas (Isle of Man), &c.

On Thursday, Sept. 25, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Blackpool, Lytham, St. Annes, and Fleetwood.

Every Sunday, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, cheap excursion tickets are issued to Brackley, Helmdon, Rugby, Luttreth, Le'cester, Loughborough, &c.

Week-end tickets are issued every Friday and Saturday, available for return on following Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, from London (Marylebone) to Calvert, Fimere, Brackley, Helmdon, Culworth, Woodford and Hinton, Charwelton, and Willoughby.

Tourist and Week-end tickets are issued to the principal pleasure and seaside resorts.

For particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Bills, to be obtained at Marylebone Station and at any Great Central Town Office or Agency.

London, September 1902. SAM FAY, General Manager.

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A ROYAL BEREAVEMENT.

THE death of the Queen of the Belgians removes from the Royal caste an interesting and original personality. Her late Majesty was, perhaps, the most accomplished of Royal equestriennes in Europe, some of her riding feats being more remarkable than those of her unfortunate kinswoman, the late Empress of Austria. Queen Marie Henriette was always especially kind to those English visitors to Brussels or Spa who had an introduction to King Leopold's Consort. In African exploration Her Majesty was specially interested, and she entertained Sir Henry and Lady Stanley soon after their marriage. The death of the Queen of the Belgians will be a sincere sorrow to our Royal Family, with whom she had been on terms of intimate, cousinly friendship for upwards of forty years; indeed, it was at Laeken that King Edward and Queen Alexandra's formal betrothal took place soon after the Prince Consort's death.

BRITISH OFFICERS AT THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

I am assured on all hands that Earl Roberts and the other British Generals who attended the German Manœuvres have much "impressed" the officers of the Imperial Army (writes a Berlin correspondent). It is frequently said here that British officers lack the smart appearance of their German colleagues, but this criticism has not been repeated since the beginning of the Manœuvres. Quite apart from his personal appearance and character, the military career of Earl Roberts is calculated to fill with profound respect the members of an Army which has not smelt genuine powder for more than thirty years. There is not a man in the German Army who has seen one-half the amount of active service that has Earl Roberts.

Next to the Field-Marshal, the figure that attracted most attention was Major-General Sir John French. I shall never forget the eulogies that were lavished on that officer after the news of the relief of Kimberley. I was dining at a private house in the company of several German officers. All of them were enthusiasts of the Boer cause, but when the "extra" arrived with the bare announcement of that brilliant ride through the jaws of death, they declared without exception that a General had arisen worthy of the glorious traditions of the British Army. "We Germans," observed one of the guests to me, "can thoroughly appreciate the iron will and energy that, regardless of risks and chances, have carried your troops into Kimberley. It is a magnificent feat of soldierly daring and determination."

Since that day the career of General French has been closely followed by all Germans. He was the one British General whom even the newspapers refrained from attacking. Neither he nor Earl Roberts was recognised until the last moment by the crowd that assembled late on the Friday night to watch the departure of the British Generals. The amusing reason of this is that Germans are unable to understand the conduct of officers who in private life prefer mufti to uniform.

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Or from any Bookseller.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

King Edward as Highlander.

The fact that the King, during his present sojourn at Balmoral, has made a point of always wearing the kilt may be regarded as proving, more eloquently than would do formal announcements, His Majesty's complete restoration to health. The becoming national costume of our hardy Highlanders is not exactly that which the average Englishman would care to suddenly assume during autumnal weather, but the Sovereign, perhaps because he has worn the kilt and plaid from earliest childhood, seems to enjoy wearing Highland dress and seeing others similarly apparelled.

History's Little Ironies.

It is strange that so little notice has been taken of the fact that His Majesty, among other guests, has been entertaining at Balmoral Castle the young nobleman known as the Duke of Berwick and Alba. The Duke's title is, of course, not recognised in this country, for it was one of those granted by James II. when living in stately exile at St. Germain. The first Duke of Berwick was the pious James's son, his mother having been the beautiful Arabella Churchill. He was

children, and this autumn he will welcome a new grand-daughter to Denmark, the brilliant and pretty bride of Prince Nicholas of Greece, who, with her husband, is shortly expected in Copenhagen. Queen Alexandra, on her return to England, will go to Sandringham, where their Majesties intend to give a number of big shooting-parties during November.

Brackley House.

Last week there was published in *The Sketch* a photograph of Brackley House, one of the beautiful places on Deeside owned by Sir Allan Mackenzie of Glen Muick. Brackley is a most delightful place, noted for its excellent sport—indeed, it was there that the Prince of Wales, as a lad, took his first lesson in shooting driven grouse. Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie are both devoted to Brackley, for it was there they began their married life—in fact, the house was built by the late Sir James Mackenzie of Glen Muick in order that it might be his son's home. Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie celebrated their Silver Wedding last year. They have five children, four sons and one daughter; the latter, one of Queen Victoria's god-children, is now Lady Kilmarnock.



DANCE OF THE CHILDREN IN "THE FATAL WEDDING," NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

undoubtedly James the Second's favourite child, and was created a Grandee of Spain and a French Peer, as well as a Stewart Duke. King Edward's youthful guest is directly descended from the gallant soldier whose regiment, known as the "Berwick Brigade," gave the Hanoverian Kings so much trouble during the eighteenth century, and the fact that this modern representative of the Stewarts is on such friendly terms with our Sovereign may indeed be counted one of the little ironies of history. The Duke of Berwick and Alba, who is a fine-looking young man of four-and-twenty, is great-nephew to the Empress Eugénie. He only lately succeeded his father, whose sudden death was, it will be remembered, in some papers announced as that of Lord Berwick, a British Peer wholly-unconnected with his French namesake.

The Queen's Well-Earned Holiday.

The whole nation unites in wishing the beloved Queen Consort of Edward VII. a happy holiday in the beautiful and hospitable land of her birth. Her Majesty has gone through many anxious and depressing moments since she was last in Denmark, and, though her courage and serenity seem never to have faltered, it is only too easy to realise how much she must be in need of what humbler mortals style "a good change and rest." And this, as has often been proved, is most secured, in the Queen's case, by a sojourn under her venerable father's roof. King Christian now numbers a crowned Queen Consort as well as a Dowager Empress and a Queen *de jure* if not *de facto* among his

Sir Allan Mackenzie has three fine places—Glen Muick and Brackley, on Deeside, and Kintail, Lochalsh. The King, during his stay on Deeside, has been out more than once on the Brackley moors.

The King's Youthful Guests.

It was interesting to note that among those of their Majesties' youthful guests present at a recent exhibition of a series of cinematograph photographs at Balmoral were included the Hon. Louvima Knollys and the Hon. Edward Knollys, the two children of Lord and Lady Knollys. Miss Louvima Knollys has a unique Christian name, each syllable being that of one of the daughters of the Sovereign, "Lou" recalling Louise, "Vi" Victoria, and "Ma" Maud. This little girl has further the honour of having our gracious Queen as one of her godmothers, the other being Her Majesty's devoted friend, Miss Charlotte Knollys. The King is very fond of giving pleasure to children, and His Majesty, while very strict as to the behaviour of his youthful grandsons, who are taught the graceful art of courtesy from the moment they can speak, is yet no advocate of the strict and often cruel fashion in which little people of a former generation were treated.

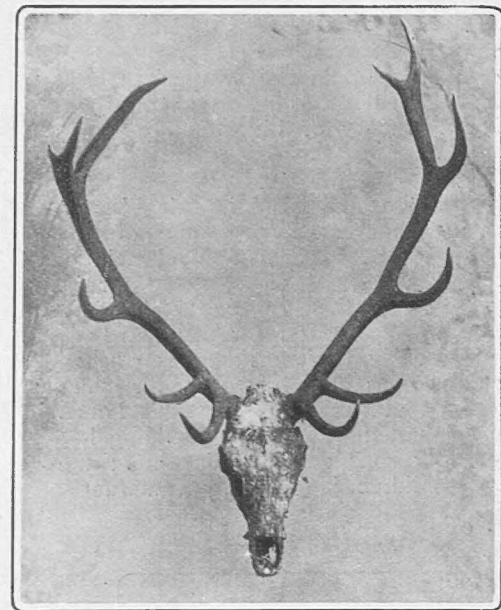
An Interesting Rumour.

It is widely rumoured in Berlin that the Crown Prince will shortly be betrothed to Princess Alice of Albany. Such a marriage would be of the highest interest, both from the sentimental and political point of view, for, though the King's favourite niece is the sister of a German ruler,

Her Royal Highness is, to all intents and purposes, a British Princess, born and brought up in this country. Princess Alice will be twenty next February. She is a thoughtful, intelligent girl, and is considered,

by many of those who have an opportunity of judging, very like in disposition and sterling worth of character the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, the aunt after whom she was named by her father's special wish.

During his visit to the Island of Arran, the King participated in a very successful deer-drive. The animal which fell to His Majesty's rifle was a very fine "royal," weighing 24 st. 4 lb. clean. As will be seen from the photograph, the horns are exceedingly handsome, with long, stout beams, while the brows, brays,



HEAD OF THE ROYAL STAG SHOT BY THE KING IN THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

Photograph by Paterson, Inverness.

and trays are excellently regular and striking. The colour of the horns is dark brownish, an indication that the animal was in an exceptionally forward condition for the time it was shot.

The Coronation Durbar.

It may be safely predicted that nothing, not even in the days of the Great Mogul, has ever exceeded the splendour of the coming Coronation Durbar. For the first time in history the great English world will be represented by fair women as well as by brave men at a splendid Indian function. Lord and Lady Curzon will entertain a group of noted beauties, and several of the great Native Princes have invited English friends and acquaintances to partake of what promises to be magnificent hospitality. Eastern potentates do not do things by halves, and that section of Society India-bound can look forward to enjoying a new sensation. Delhi has been wisely chosen as the scene of the Durbar, partly as having been the seat of the Great Mogul dynasty, and also as lending itself in a peculiar degree to a pageant of marvellous pomp and beauty. There is some discussion as to what is to be the proper ladies' dress at the Durbar. Those present in an unofficial capacity will only be lookers-on at the historic scene, and, however wonderful their costumes, they will pale in splendour before the garments and jewels worn by the Indian Princes and those native Princesses whose rank entitles them to play an active part at the Coronation function.

A New Engagement.

New engagements always excite more interest in the autumn than at other times of the year, because Society has then comparatively little to think about. A betrothal which has brought many congratulations to both bride and bridegroom elect is that of Miss Georgina Hamilton,

second daughter of the late Lord Holm-Patrick, and Mr. Cecil Anderson-Pelham. The wedding of Lord Kinnoull and Miss Darell will certainly be one of the smartest of early winter functions, the more so that they are both popular in a very large circle.

Amateur Naval Critics.

Just about a year ago, the British Fleets were manœuvring and the voice of the Pressman was heard in the land—not always tuned to the pitch of praise recommended by Mr. Pinero as the height of judicious criticism. Energetic gentlemen who take themselves seriously—perhaps because Nature forgot to endow them with a sense of humour—sent messages from the Mediterranean, or starved upon the rations of seafaring men to show that their pens were sharper than their wits. My Lords of the Admiralty and the distinguished Admirals and Fleet Captains accepted criticism silently, seemed to like it, and the lay critics rejoiced exceedingly on paper and gave us their ideas of perfection in naval equipment, manœuvring, and behaviour in peace and war. As I write, Mediterranean, Channel, and Cruiser Squadrons manœuvre as is their wont, but the eye of the Pressman cannot follow and the voice of the Pressman is dumb. The powers that be have grown shy, and the vast Fleet exercises itself without one member of the Fourth Estate to show it how to do its work properly, to teach how men should be fed or boilers should be chosen, coal stored, or scouting practised. We shall know nothing about the results of the manœuvres, and, though the Admiralty authorities will declare that they are acting in the interests of the Service, everybody knows that the Naval Powers of Europe are well aware of what is going on and that the progress of the Fleet is hidden from the people who pay for it because the Admiralty had more criticism than it cared for when the vessels last went manœuvring.

Sir Christopher Furness, who, some seven years ago, gave £12,500 for the foundation of the Hartlepool Pension Fund for Aged Seamen, has now increased his donation by £7500, and application has been made to the Charity Commissioners for authorisation to name the fund after its generous originator. Sir Christopher, who is a Hartlepool man, represented his native town in Parliament from 1891 till 1895, and has also sat for it since 1900. In 1898 he contested York City in the Liberal interest, but was unsuccessful. He is, it is hardly necessary to point out, the well-known ship-builder, ship-owner, and engine-builder, and is identified with the Furness Line of steamships and with Furness, Withy, and Co., of both of which he is the head. A Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire, he is Lord of the Manors of Cundall and Grantley, is patron of seven livings, and owner of over thirty thousand acres. Sir Christopher's Knighthood of the Bath dates from 1895. His hobbies are yachting, shooting, golfing, and driving.



SIR CHRISTOPHER FURNESS, M.P., SHIPBUILDER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Politicians at Play. Just now, when politicians of all shades are enjoying their well-earned holidays, Scotland seems to be their favourite playground. This, doubtless, is owing to the fact that so many canny Scots take up statecraft as a profession. Mr. Balfour's ancestral home is, of course, north of the Tweed, as is that of his official adversary, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Asquith seldom spends a holiday far from the St. Andrews golf-links, and Lord Rosebery acts as host to political friends at Dalmeny, where he had the honour of entertaining Her Majesty to tea just before she started for Denmark. As a matter of fact, the earnest politician does not indulge in too much play. He reads Blue Books even among the bluebells of Scotland, and probably more hard work—of sorts—is accomplished in Scottish country-houses than the Southern world wots of.

Lord Kitchener's Aides-de-Camp.

Lord Kitchener is always credited with having a peculiar dislike to those brilliant and highly born young officers who were, during the late South African War, somewhat unkindly dubbed "Field Coronets." The great soldier has, however, chosen two "elder sons" to accompany him to India as Aides-de-Camp. The one is Lord Herbert, the eldest son and heir of Lord Pembroke, and the bearer of a title closely associated with the Crimean War, though Lord Herbert's famous grandfather, Sidney Herbert, was celebrated in connection with victories of peace rather than those of war; the other, Lord Ingestre, who is the youthful heir of Lord Shrewsbury, and who takes his title from Ingestre Hall, the wonderful old house which was so tragically destroyed by fire some years ago. Both these young officers are in



MR. CECIL ANDERSON-PELHAM, ELDEST SON OF THE HON. EVELYN PELHAM. HON. GEORGINA HAMILTON, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LORD HOLM-PATRICK.

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

the "Blues," and figured among the escort which surrounded their Majesties' State-coach on Coronation Day. The fact that Lord Kitchener has distinguished them as he has done is certainly a compliment of which they have every right to be exceedingly proud.

The German Emperor as Soldier.

The Kaiser, who has been taking an active part in the Military Manœuvres (writes my Correspondent in Berlin), was particularly successful in his tactics, so that the Umpire, Prince Albert of Prussia, declared the enemy to be defeated, the troops commanded by His Majesty having completely surrounded them. Experiments made with Boer tactics, the troops being left entirely to their own resources, were considered most satisfactory. The Kaiser, who is particularly partial to camp-life, occupied a tent which was much the same as that of any other officer. An American reporter approached Mr. Brodrick on the field and asked if he could tell him where to find the Secretary of State for War. "I have the misfortune to be that person," was the reply. The English officers who attended the Manœuvres at the Kaiser's invitation became very popular amongst the German military. Perhaps this was more particularly the case with General Ian Hamilton, as, being a good German scholar, he was able to converse fluently on military matters. The Kaiser arrived back in Potsdam in time to receive the King of Saxony, who is paying his first visit to the German Court since his accession to the throne. The reception at the Wildpark Station was accompanied by all the usual attributes of military pomp. Several bands struck up the National Anthem as the Kaiser embraced the King, who is a somewhat feeble old man.

Beer-drinking Students.

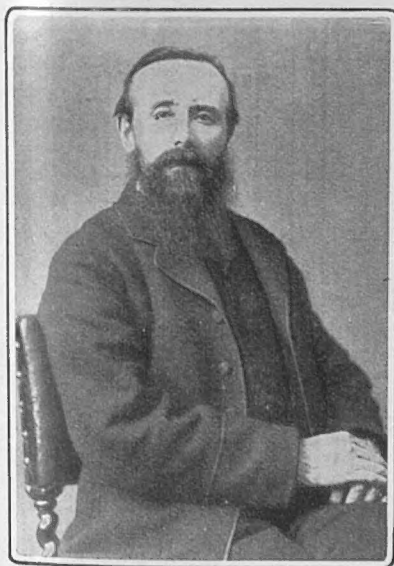
Faithful to the principles of the Hohenzollerns, the Kaiser insists on great simplicity and frugality in the Royal Household, and the training of the Princes has also been on these lines, so that the Crown Prince found his position rather a difficult one at the University when he first entered. He absolutely declined to join the students in their wholesale drinking, candidly stating that he was by habit abstemious, and that he was not capable of absorbing such huge quantities of alcoholic drinks. No chaffing would induce the Prince to join them, and, finally, the students belonging to the Borussia Corps applied to the Kaiser, who is himself an old member of the corps, asking for His Majesty's interference. After discussing the matter with his son, the Kaiser replied to the students that the custom of beer-drinking to the extent carried on was injurious to their health, and more especially was this the case with the monstrous custom of obliging one another to toss down enormous mugs of beer at one draught, a practice which generally occurs some dozen times during an evening.

The Kaiser's Little Daughter.

Princess Victoria Louise, the only daughter of the Kaiser, is a particularly lively child who is constantly causing consternation by her wilful ways. She objects greatly to any sort of restraint, and many a time have her attendants got into trouble for allowing her to go out of their sight, although the Empress likes her children to enjoy a fair amount of freedom. When staying in Cadinen this summer, the little Princess's great amusement was to play about the numerous farm-buildings, and there she was always found when missed. One day, the Empress had visitors and the little girl got tired of sitting quietly by the side of her

mother; suddenly an idea seemed to strike her and she ran out of the drawing-room. In a few minutes she came back triumphant, with something very rosy in her arms, which she laid in her mother's lap and clapped her hands with delight. The Empress was aghast to see a sucking-pig nestle itself in the folds of her dress, and, ordering the Princess to the nurseries, she hastily left the room, excusing herself to her visitors. Needless to say, a complete change of attire was necessary for both Empress and Princess.

Mr. Thomas Burt is one of the most familiar figures in the House of Commons, where his sturdy independence and good-humour are appreciated to the full by members on both sides. When he speaks on subjects associated with Labour he is always listened to with attention, and his



MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P., A POPULAR LABOUR LEADER.

Photograph by Barrand, Oxford Street, W.

homely Northumbrian "burr" does not detract but rather adds to the force of his oratory. Mr. Burt is a fine example of the self-educated yet modest man. After two years of such education as a village-school afforded in the early 'forties, at the age of ten he commenced working underground in the coal-mines. In 1865, when he was twenty-eight, he was elected Secretary to the Northumberland

Miners' Mutual Confident Association, a position he has held ever since. He has also been for many years President of the Miners' National Union, has taken a prominent part in many Congresses and Conferences, and has represented Morpeth in the House since 1874. From 1892 to 1895 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board



THE HON. SIR JAMES L. HULETT (SPEAKER OF THE NATAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY) AND LADY HULETT.

Photographs by W. Watson Robertson, Pietermaritzburg.

of Trade. The practical education acquired in half-a-century's continuous reading and intercourse with men has resulted in the writing of several interesting articles for the great Reviews.

Sir James and Lady Hulett.

The inclusion of the name of the Hon. James Liege Hulett, M.L.A., in the Coronation Honours List was regarded by the friends and fellow Colonists of that gentleman as a high compliment to Natal, whose interests the new Knight has done so much to advance. Sir James Hulett is Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the "Garden Colony," and is deservedly popular as such; but it is as head of the great tea-planting firm, J. L. Hulett and Sons, Limited, that he is famous throughout the length and breadth of Southern Africa. Sir James began tea-planting in Natal something like thirty years ago, and to-day that splendid property, the Kearsney Estate, consisting of over nineteen thousand acres—sixteen hundred of which are devoted to tea-cultivation—is a striking proof of his ceaseless industry and business acumen. Last year the output of tea on the Kearsney Estate was not far short of a million pounds. Recently, the Company have gone in for sugar-growing, and great things are expected of the five hundred acres now devoted to the production of sugar-cane. The residence of Sir James and Lady Hulett is situated amid some of the loveliest scenery in Natal. The grounds immediately surrounding it are beautifully kept, and the refinement and artistic tastes of the owner are everywhere apparent. Sir James and Lady Hulett are now in England, but are returning in a week or two to Natal. They came over for the Coronation, and were specially invited to be present at the ceremony in Westminster Abbey. Since then, they have travelled extensively throughout the Kingdom, in more than one "stately home" of which they have been honoured guests.

Bournemouth's Winter Garden.

The agitation for Sunday band-performances at Bournemouth will, it is to be hoped, be successful. One of the chief attractions at Bournemouth is its splendid Winter Garden, in which such excellent concerts are given, especially in the winter months. It is, perhaps, not generally known that this fine building originally came from the middle of Salisbury Plain. It was put up about half-a-century ago by Mr. Assheton Smith, the famous Master of the Tedworth Hunt, at Tedworth House. Mrs. Smith was an invalid who was recommended by her doctors to live at Madeira. As Mr. Smith had no wish to exile himself from his home and his hounds, and as Mrs. Smith would not go abroad without him, he built a "Madeira" for her at home, and this huge palace of glass was erected in the middle of the Wiltshire Downs. When Tedworth House was bought, after Mr. Assheton Smith's death, by Sir John Kelk, the "Madeira" was sold and taken to Bournemouth, where it has since figured as the Winter Garden.

"Tap-Nose."

The old-fashioned way of deciding a question by tossing up a coin is now superseded by an elegant pastime which is known as "tap-nose." Two Scarborough cabmen have the credit of making the new game public. Instead of "tossing for drinks," as is the effete custom of the South, they set to work to spar, the man who first got in a tap on his opponent's nose being the winner and having his drink paid for by the loser. After all, this may be only a reversion to an ancient custom, for it bears a strong likeness to the Trial by Battle of the early Middle Ages.

Mr. Bruce Smith. Mr. Bruce Smith, like Man (according to the Melancholy Jaques), has in his time played many parts, and, indeed, he still continues to play them. Between his times of scene-painting you will find him now making some ingenious machine model, at another you will find him (in answer to the trumpet call) on duty in the field of glory, so to speak, habited in his smart Lieutenant's uniform and directing the evolutions of his fellow gallant warriors of the Artists Volunteers. Then—hey presto!—you will discover him in another field, the cricket one, valiantly defending his own wicket or deftly battering at the wickets of his theatrical or private opponents. At another moment you will (if you are quick of sight) observe him scorching along on his fiery, untamed bike, taking care, however, to break nothing but records. Next you will happen upon him on "Old Drury's" or some other huge stage, not only painting some huge bolt of canvas, but, it may be, also bringing his wide knowledge of mechanics to bear upon one of those vast mechanical revolving scenes in the manufacture of which he is such an adept. In due course, "Bruce," as most people call him, will be discovered adding delicate touches to some water-colour or oil-painting intended for exhibition at one of the Galleries.

M. W. B. Spong. Among the very lively group of workers who so loyally served under "Practical" John Hollingshead during his eighteen years' management of the Gaiety, none were livelier or more loyal than young W. B. Spong, who, with his now



MISS NORA BARTON, PLAYING IN "WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN DO?" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

equally celebrated brother-artist, E. G. Banks, used to provide the harmless necessary scenery. In due course, after much useful and varied work at the Gaiety, Mr. Spong bethought him that he would seek fresh woods and pastures new, and he sought them in Australia. In that mostly prosperous clime he speedily gained a considerable amount of fame by the splendid scenic work he did for Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove, and Messrs. Brough and Boucicault, the wholesale, English-born, Antipodean theatrical managers. In the intervals of scene-painting, Mr. Spong went around seeking adventures (and getting them), or put in time, as he does now, in painting oil and water-colour pictures for exhibition in sundry Art Galleries. After several years' honest art-work in Melbourne, Sydney, and so forth, Mr. Spong grew home-sick and duly returned to England, Home, and Beauty, bringing with him a striking example of the last-named in the shape of his delightful daughter, Miss Hilda Spong.

Mr. Walter Hann. If you were to judge Mr. Walter Hann by the amount of work he has done in scene-painting circles, you would imagine him to be a centenarian. "Instead of which," he is a wiry, alert man of merely middle age. His principal *métier* as a scenic artist is in painting and building those sumptuous and highly realistic "interiors" which delight the eye throughout the Act at such leading theatres as His Majesty's, the Haymarket, and St. James's. Mr. Hann can, however (and does upon occasion), use his brush upon some delightful "woodland" work, while he is quite an authority upon mediæval castles and little things of that sort.

Among the many managers for whom he executes heavy scenic commissions, Mr. Hann is regarded as being somewhat "serious," but I never yet met a manager or any truly diligent and able scene-painting pupil or student, or anyone else who did business with Mr. Hann, who did not speak of him with respect and affection. Moreover, although Mr. Hann, like the Short-Faced Gentleman in the *Spectator*, often distinguishes himself by a Profound Silence, yet he can, when proper occasions arise, prove himself an eloquent and well-informed orator.

Mr. W. T. Hemsley. Painter

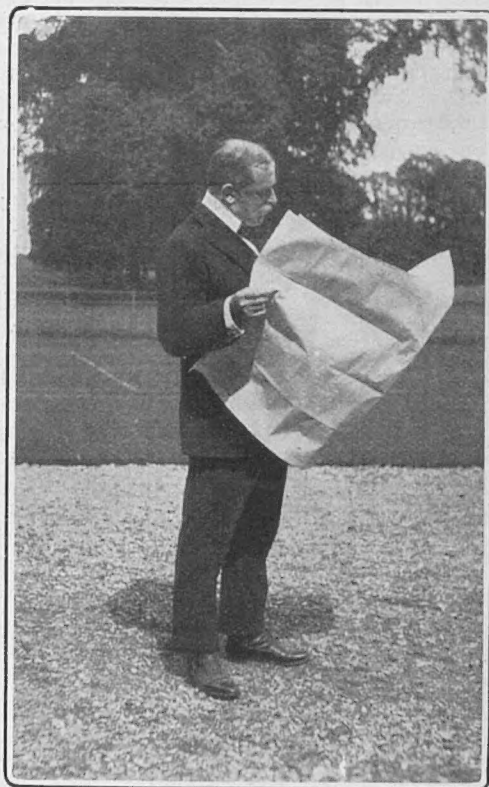
W. T. Hemsley (as the Americans would call him) is a remarkable all-round man, possessing more of the artist's appearance as to hat, hair, and beard than do most of his scene-painting comrades. Mr. Hemsley has his huge studio not far from where erewhile stood that old blood-and-thunder "gaff," the long-defunct Bower Saloon, which in "Caste" is called "the little theatre in Stangate." And both at this studio and at home Mr. Hemsley has many curios of a deeply interesting character. These curios include sundry examples of skilful work done by him when he was a boy engineer at his native Tyneside, several beautiful sketches belonging to the time when he was a very juvenile art-master at Swindon, and many memorials of his work when he became caricaturist to a Margate paper, while he was also painting scenery for Miss Sarah Thorne's historic Theatre Royal in that town. Not only is Mr. Hemsley celebrated for providing our leading West-End houses with most beautiful "Sets," but he is also renowned for the remarkable way in which he can get a lot of scenic effect on to the usually much smaller stages of our Variety houses and music-halls.

The arrival of Sir John French to take up his command of the First Army Corps at Aldershot was the occasion of an extraordinary scene both in the town and the Camp. At the railway-station an address was presented by the Urban District Council and Lady French was the recipient of a bouquet of orchids. Afterwards the drive to Government House was a veritable triumphal progress, the route being lined with cheering crowds of townspeople and soldiers. General French is, of course, well known at Aldershot, where before the War he commanded the Cavalry Brigade, and in the field of mimic strife showed that capacity for leadership which he afterwards turned to such good use in South Africa. At present, though the General and Staff of the First Army Corps have taken up their duties, only a few battalions of infantry are stationed at Aldershot, and it will be some months before the full number of twenty-five will be at Sir John's disposal, to say nothing of cavalry regiments and other units.



CAPTAIN P. SCOTT, OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE," WHICH HAS JUST ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, K.C.B., COMMANDER OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS.

The Largest Sheers in the World.

The plant in the Royal Dockyards is not all antiquated. For instance, there has recently been erected at Portsmouth the largest set of sheer-legs to be found in the world. Manufactured by Messrs. Cowan and Sheldon, of Carlisle, this colossal structure—a picture of which is given—cost £60,000, and will lift over one hundred tons at a time. It is a hundred and eighty feet high, and some idea of its huge proportions can be gathered from the picture. The vessel lying alongside this mammoth derrick, though it looks so small by comparison, is the cruiser *Good Hope*, one of the very largest warships in our Fleet, whose masts tower to a great height, though in the picture they are dwarfed by the steel pillars alongside them.

The Return of the "Terrible."

Perhaps not since Nelson's day has a British man-of-war had a more eventful four years' history than the famous cruiser *Terrible*, which arrived at Portsmouth from China last week. Commissioned on March 24, 1898, the vessel began her career by making a series of experiments with her much-discussed Belleville boilers, and then, in November, receiving a "surprise order," in twenty-four hours had embarked fourteen hundred men at Portsmouth and started for Malta, the passage of over 2200 miles being made in 121 hours. In September of the following year the *Terrible* was ordered to China by way of the Cape, and the services of her "Handy Men" and "four-point-sevens" with Sir George White and Sir Redvers Buller are a matter of history. After the relief of Ladysmith the *Terrible* proceeded on her way to China, and, picking up the Welsh Fusiliers *en route*, arrived at Taku in time to land guns and men for the relief of Admiral Seymour and the capture of Tientsin and Peking. Since then, Captain Percy Scott's men have been breaking records in gunnery and in coal-burning ship, in the former making in 1900 a score of 76 per cent. of hits, and in 1901 improving this to 80 per cent., and in the latter taking on board fifteen hundred tons in five hours. Portsmouth gave the "Terribles" a most cordial reception on their return.

Few Associations formed by benevolent people do such good work as does that of the Lady Visitors of Prisons. Formed last year, under the Presidency of the Duchess of Bedford, in the first twelve months of its existence members of the Association have interviewed more than eleven thousand "cases" and paid over three thousand visits to prisons. Both the official report and the Visiting Chaplain of Prisons pay tributes of praise to the good influence exercised by the Association, for the members are not content with taking a merely sentimental interest in "cases," but endeavour to find employment for discharged prisoners, and have established a network of agencies in the more remote towns to make provision for the women and to exercise a friendly but unobtrusive supervision over them. Working parties make clothing for the destitute and more worthy of these unfortunates, and, altogether, the Association is doing a really good and practical service to the community at large.

The Czar's Speech. When a real live Czar speaks, all the civilised world is silent, or pretends to be, and the most commonplace remarks coming from a source so distinguished send the

world's leader-writers into a fine frenzy of superlatives. I have read the Czar's speech to the peasants at Kursk, and cannot, for the life of me, see what promise it holds. The people who went rioting will be punished, the rest are advised to listen to what the local nobility tells them and give no ear to Socialists and others. He also tells them that they must make money honestly by honourable work and not otherwise—there is nothing very original about that. For the rest, he promises that their real requirements will not be overlooked. The whole question turns upon the interpretation given to the term "real requirements." Some large and liberal measure of education, freedom, and reduced taxation appeals to the conscience of Western Europe as the best medicine for Russia's sickness, but it is doubtful whether the Czar has the power, even if he has the will, to make such a gift to his people, and it is far from certain that they are developed mentally to the point at which they can accept it with safety. The great problem of the Russian peasantry is not to be settled by half-a-dozen sentences, even if a Czar speaks. Personally, I doubt whether the new Messiah from Clapton could settle the question off-hand.

Because a man is a distinguished public servant it does not follow that he is qualified to speak of public affairs with discretion after dinner. Our own public service yielded an example of the truth of this statement not many months ago, and now that of our nearest neighbour yields another. M. Camille Pelletan is a capable Minister of Marine, and he may share with all patriotic Frenchmen an ardent desire to see the Mediterranean transformed into a French lake, but he should remember that there is a time to be silent as well as a time to speak. Students of the Bible remember this, together with countless other sage maxims which must reconcile us to our educational code and make us regret our neighbours' work in secularising education. Perhaps M. Pelletan's indiscretions may be traced to his long connection with the Press. When a man who has been a public critic ascends suddenly to the high places, he may be unable at times to curb the old bad habit of speaking his mind. Or perhaps we are face to face with another illustration of the truth that lurks in the flowing bowl. Be that as it may, M. Pelletan has been

making very foolish statements, calculated, if they are taken seriously, to give offence in Rome and London.

Sixpenny Cab-Fares.

The question of sixpenny cab-fares is once again to the fore, and I have been asking various cabmen to give me their opinion of the change. Five hansom-cabmen and the engineer of a "growler" have expressed themselves at my request, and have unanimously condemned the proposed change. "See 'ere, guv'nor," said one worthy Jehu, "we ain't doin' this work for love of it, but for what we gets out of it, an' that ain't much nowadays. There won't be a livin' at sixpence a time an' twopenny tips." Another, the driver of the "growler," an old party with a head that would have delighted Charles Keene, told me that sixpenny fares ruled when he was first "on the rank," nearly thirty years ago, but were soon abolished. A third told me there are more than ten thousand cabmen in London, paying an average of fifteen shillings a-day to their masters, and that they lived less by their fares than their tips.



THE LARGEST SHEERS IN THE WORLD, AS COMPARED WITH ONE OF OUR GREAT CRUISERS, THE "GOOD HOPE."

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

Where are the Holiday-Makers?

London is prolonging the holiday season, and the third week of September finds the town very empty. Theatres, restaurants, and hotels have yet to experience the benefits of London returned to town; the thoroughfares most popular in and out of the Season have comparatively few frequenters. Many Clubs are still in the hands of the decorators, and where members are sharing the hospitality of other Clubs the latter are not overcrowded. I was in a Club where two other Clubs are temporarily entertained a few evenings ago, and there was no suggestion of a crowd. You could dine, write, read, smoke, play billiards or cards, entirely free from the discomforts that attend on overcrowding. But stranger than the emptiness of town is the emptiness of the country. Seaside places have not been doing well; Continental resorts beloved of the travelling Briton are not filled; everybody out of London declares that people have remained in town, though Metropolitans know the statement is not correct. Where are the crowds that besiege our dull seaside-resorts in the years when we have a summer? They have disappeared from town, but are not seen on the sea-shore, the Continent has not received them. Perhaps they are hibernating—sitting round their own firesides defying the wintry fury of August and September and recalling to their children seasons within their memory when the sun shone with a good grace, when the winds were warm and the rain did not rain every day, when summer was a fact and not a name. But, wherever they are, they will soon be back again.

Ruined Hop-fields. The terrible devastation wrought by the recent storm in the hop-fields of Kent is almost unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The hailstones, which did the greatest damage, were of extraordinary size, some measuring over an inch in diameter. Fields, which a day before lay smiling with abundant crops, now present the appearance one would expect from a visitation of locusts. The lines, as shown in the picture, are stripped and almost entirely bare; in some places the poles have been razed to the ground, whilst everywhere the hops lie in heaps, soddened and utterly ruined. The district around Teston and Watlingbury, within five miles from Maidstone, seems to have suffered most, gardens being laid waste, hedges and even piles of stones completely washed away by the flood, which was sufficiently deep near the river to oblige the pickers, who were unable to reach their huts, to seek shelter in a school-room. Barham Court, the beautiful residence of Colonel Warde, M.P., also sustained damage to the



A RUINED HOP-GARDEN AT TESTON, NEAR MAIDSTONE.

Photograph by De'Ath and Dunk, Maidstone.

extent of £1000, chiefly through the wreckage of glass by the hail. The loss is estimated at quite £100,000, the principal sufferers being Mr. Fremlin, about £10,000; Mr. Herbert Leney, £8000; Messrs. Court Brothers, £3000; and Mr. R. Fremlin, £2500.

The devastation wrought by the thunder-storm seems as if it might have unlooked-for consequences. We shall not be able to get much



ENGLAND'S GREAT MEDITERRANEAN BASE: BUILDING THE NEW DOCKS AT MALTA.

Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.

relief from abroad, and so, as the price of hops will go up, the price of beer must follow suit. The question is, who is to pay for it? The brewers may put something on to the barrel, or on to bottled beer, but the restaurant glass is small enough already and will stand no addition to its twopence. It looks as if the huge percentage which the retailer makes out of each glass of beer would have to be lessened, and perhaps this is as it should be.

Motors and Canals. The motor problem is causing an immense amount of discussion this autumn, the world being divided into the minority who "mote" and the majority who do not. The question of the right of motor-cars to drive at high speed on the public highways will have to be settled somehow or other and before many years have elapsed, and in America a solution has been initiated by the building of asphalt roads solely for the use of cars and cycles. Here in England we have a practical way out of the difficulty if motor-car drivers would only combine to purchase the system of derelict canals which covers the whole of the Kingdom. All the big towns are connected by half-empty, stagnant canals, on which it is rare to see a barge. If what water is left were drained away and the canal floor laid down with asphalt, we should at once have a system of highways completely distinct and separate from the roads and railways which might be utilised for horseless traffic on the payment of a small fee. The canals have their own bridges and viaducts, and anyone looking at a waterway map of England will see how complete the network is and how easily it might be transformed into tracks for motor-cars and cycles. The lines are already made and would interfere with no one and with nothing. For very many years these magnificent engineering works have been next to useless, but, if this suggestion were carried out, they would be restored to their original usefulness.

In a recent issue it was stated that the Hon. John Rolls has been connected with automobilism since its earliest days. It is, of course, his brother, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who is an ardent and accomplished motor-man.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Shah's Long Purse.

The Shah is gone, leaving only regrets. He was a model guest, finding pleasure at the slightest provocation, and making no pains to conceal it. But Paris is very practical, and monarchs are cheap there (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The question was, Would any of the twelve million francs that he started with find its way into the pockets of the tradespeople? The answer has been very emphatic. His purchases amounted in his twenty days' stay to three million francs. He was an ideal client. He absolutely refused to barter, and the presentation of the bill at the Elysée Palace Hotel was immediately honoured. His hotel-bill was five thousand francs a-day, and the members of his Household spent largely. It was openly whispered that towards the close His Highness had to think twice before he put his hand into his pocket. His last little expenditure was a trifle of a hundred and ten thousand francs for the special train to the Russian frontier.

The Temperance movement is making wonderful strides in the French Army, thanks to the encouragement of the officers. At this year's Manœuvres the men were notified that, if they chose, they could replace their docket for alcohol by one for food, and the innovation proved enormously popular. In the Alpine regiments the men have the chance of taking a packet of tea and sugar to make two good strong cups, and all the younger men have gladly adopted the change. I cannot recall ever having seen a drunken French soldier, and strap-fighting (indeed, fighting in any form) is unknown.

If France does not take the hint, so much the worse for her—I mean, the decision of the Swiss Hotel-keepers' Association, which is offering valuable money-prizes for the most practical hints on the way to run a perfect hotel. France is, alas, the worst-off of civilised countries in hotels, so far as the provinces are concerned. The poetic auberge is a fraud. There is nothing to eat except cabbage-soup and bacon, and possibly cheese and the heel of a Strasbourg sausage. The lamps are evil-smelling, and the host leads you to your bedroom as though he were in the Bastille. In the hands of the Swiss, these places—the Parisians candidly tell them so—are veritable little havens of pleasurable resort. But the French peasant hates the foreigner, the English for preference, and he is content to sit and smoke with Jacques and Paul and do slightly less than the least.

At the Play. Why Porel should have selected Pailleron's "L'Age Ingrat" for the opening of the Vaudeville is passing strange. It is a quarter of a century old, and the dialogues and situations made you yawn. Madame Marcel Lender played splendidly, and it is difficult to imagine what would have happened with her out of the cast. "Madame la Présidente," at the Bouffes, is a gem of life and gaiety and tuneful music, and at last the ill-fated house has its chance. Feydeau has at length handed the

manuscript of his play to the Nouveautés. The title is striking, "La Duchesse des Folies-Bergères."

Wandering Refrigerators.

The breaking-up of any vestige of summer that remained finds the shivering Parisian confronted only with open cabs, and although there are protests on all sides, this will go on till the appointed day, even though snow fell. The Paris owners are the most autocratic men in Paris, setting at naught their men and the public.

It is regrettable to announce that, as a result of his collision with Michael, Huret will never be able to ride again. The name of Huret must be familiar to English cyclists. After he had established the twenty-four hours' record, he went to England to see Shorland ride in the Cuca Cup contest, and, out of sheer sportsmanlike feeling, acted as one of Shorland's pace-makers—probably the best he had. Equally sad news comes from Leipzig, where Tom Linton is lying suffering from such injuries that his cycling days are past.

The recent attacks on pedestrians in the most-frequented parts of the Bois have caused a very uneasy feeling, and the restaurants suffer. It is unheard of to think that you cannot take a quiet stroll after dusk in the cool avenues without running the risk of being sandbagged. The cycling police have hopelessly failed. A suggestion that the Municipal Guard might be called upon finds favour, for the Paris rough knows that their shot is pretty deadly. Be that as it may, it is to be seriously hoped that between now and May the Bois may be its old self again.

The opening of the Folies-Bergères was very brilliant and all the most beautiful and fashionable "Cigales" were there. Yvette had a great reception, but, unfortunately, few heard her. The crowd was enormous, and climbed on chairs and tables that came down with a crash. Emilienne d'Alençon and Thylda are among the artistes engaged. It need hardly be said that Yvette is only there for a few days, and then for more travel.

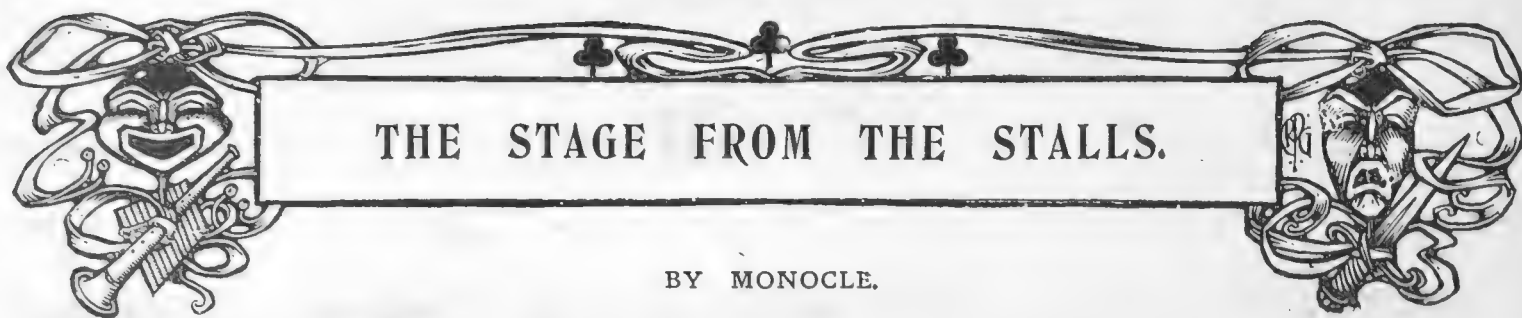
Triumph of Red Tape.

It is one of the sensations of the hour that an honest man with a respectable fortune should have spent half a lifetime in a French prison for a trivial offence against the Empire. For singing a couplet directed against Napoleon III., Stallemborg was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and lifelong expulsion from France. After making a fortune in America, he returned to Paris to see his mother, was arrested, sentenced, and again expelled. For twenty-six years he has left the Santé Prison only to be escorted to the Belgian frontier and to return at once to Paris, occasionally in a railway-carriage behind that containing his escort. The Prison officials greet Stallemborg with delight, as he is exceedingly popular. He is now a white-haired man and his poor old mother is over ninety-seven.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



"QUALITY STREET," "SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL," AND "THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

IF the opinion of thoughtful playgoers were taken as to which of our leading dramatists offers the most interesting problem concerning his or her future, I think that most would name Mr. J. M. Barrie. We know, or think we know, pretty well the length of the shoe of Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and the few others of real weight; though, indeed, there is much room for speculation concerning the dainty "footwear"—lovely American word!—of "John Oliver Hobbes." In Mr. Barrie, however, as in the algebra ingeniously used by him in "Quality Street," x , symbol of the unknown quantity, is a most important element. We have some idea as to his limits in non-dramatic work, and everyone recognises in him a real literary artist; he is, at the same time, a most successful dramatist, but, alas, his plays have nothing like the quality of his books, and, indeed, are not even in the same street. Dexterous mediocrity as a rule is the true description of his plays. One might have fancied that, like some novelists, he is embarrassed by technical difficulties when he attacks the stage; yet, even if some of the exits in "Quality Street," particularly in the last Act, are clumsy, as a rule he is a very skilful worker. In fact, from the time of "Walker, London," he has exhibited remarkable cleverness in the mechanics of play-making.

He, Rostand, Stephen Phillips, and Mrs. Craigie, merely to take living instances, have shown that the difficulty of writing for the stage has often been wrongly viewed, and that some dramatists—such as they—are born, and some are made—such, for instance, as Pinero. In saying this, I speak purely of technique. Some who write for the stage despise it, or rather, despise the playgoing public, and, unfortunately, can give very good reasons for their scorn. Robert Buchanan, prolific and at times immensely successful dramatist, was, I believe, a case in point: in non-dramatic work he showed real, if fitful, genius, but in his stage works, so far as I know—and I have seen almost if not quite all produced in London during about the last twenty years—there was not much that rose above the commonplace, and many works were, flagrant pot-boilers. Implicit evidence points to the fact that he wrote to suit the public taste and not his own. The same seems to apply to Mr. Barrie, who always appears afraid lest he should be casting pearls before—. Half-a-dozen of our few dramatists have written plays as good as his best, whilst none of our novelists could stand beside him on his own ground. "Quality Street" and his other pieces, except here and there in the fresh, simple humour of a few phrases, are quite undistinctive of the writer. One might guess without showing stupidity that such a work as "Quality Street" had been written by an old hand with a prettier taste in writing than is generally found in the ablest hack. It exhibits more knowledge of the public taste than of human nature, more feeling for the theatrical than the real, more anxiety to please than to persuade, and more taste for the artificial than the natural. Indeed, it offers a good instance of what I have been saying.

Two maiden ladies, brought up under the traditions of 1816, somewhat super-genteel in ideas, very fearful of being unladylike, presumably religious, at a moment's notice, without hesitation, begin to tell lies, and go on steadily for a week uttering falsehoods wholesale, and without having the excuse—somewhat doubtful in validity—of some good motive. Ananias and Sapphira are economical compared with Phoebe "of the ringlets" and Susan, and had, at least, the excuse of some hope of real gain. Not a pretence is made by the author that there is any justification for this misconduct, nor hint that there is any need for justification. They simply lie and lie, like the advertisements of a patent medicine, and no one seems horrified. This might be very well in a farce, but the play opens as comedy and ends as comedy. One imagines that in real life Mr. Valentine Brown, when he learnt the truth, would have made his best bow to the ladies and retired, and not risked his honour by allying himself with such a gifted liar and hypocrite as Phoebe. Of course, Mr. Barrie knows this well enough; but he knows, too, that, for the sake of the comic scenes of confusion, the public will forgive the falsity of characterisation—if it even notices it at all. His pretty story is distorted by theatricalities, dragged out by obvious stage devices, until in the end it becomes wearisome, and one is apt, unjustly, to forget how much is charming and admirable because of the matter that is mere mechanical farce. As a dramatist, except in the cases of "The Wedding Guest" and "Walker, London," Mr. Barrie seems a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. To take his own figure, in "Quality Street" he has sketched a charming, old-fashioned "garden," and then defaced it with the kind of ornaments you will find in the grounds of a French riverside restaurant.

"Quality Street" gives at least two rich acting parts; one, that of Susan, is taken full advantage of by Miss Marion Terry, who plays delightfully. In the other, Miss Ellaline Terriss is charming, if not

quite Phoebe; there is rather too much of the fascinating personality of Miss Terriss and too little of the character, and the actress, unfortunately mindful of her success in singing parts, clings to the footlights when she ought to be talking to the other characters. It is a bad thing for a talented young artist sometimes to appear in the legitimate drama and at others in musico-dramatic works. Valentine Brown's part is rather obscurely drawn, and Mr. Seymour Hicks, though he plays some scenes ably, makes no great success of it; indeed, there is an unfortunate lack of charm in his treatment. Nothing of its kind could be better than the acting of Miss Rosina Filippi as the family servant, and Mr. Shelton gives a clever little piece of work. That "Quality Street" will give great pleasure to many people, I am certain, and that I should have hailed it with enthusiasm if the work of an unknown man, because of its positive qualities, is clear, but the pity is that Mr. Barrie could have made it far better, and would not.

There was a time when playgoers had Gargantuan feasts and a five-Act melodrama, three-Act farce, and a few interludes formed, an evening's bill, with a half-price system if you came in after nine. We have travelled a long way since then, and raised our prices, too. The entertainment at the Comedy—up to the time at which I write—seems to show the high-water mark of progress. It began on the first-night nominally at 8.30 (actually, 8.35), had intervals nominally of twenty-two minutes (really, twenty-eight), and was over by 10.53; business period, one hundred and ten minutes. I am not pretending that I had not quite enough, but can imagine that the paying public will ask whether the quality is high enough to compensate for the lack of quantity. Of course, my watch—somewhat like Captain Cuttle's in its contempt for the movement of the sun—may have made an error, but, certainly, if one extends the hundred and ten minutes to two hours ample margin for mistake is allowed. I fear that it may not be said that the quality compensates. "Secret and Confidential" looks as if someone had cut down an orthodox five-deck melodrama, chopping off the comic relief and the essential irrelevancies of the original and sticking merely to the plot. Certainly, it is the right thing to stick to your plot if it is worth sticking to, but if not—?

Mr. Widnell's plot presents one of those mysterious persons we read about in sixpenny magazines during railway journeys, who know all the secrets of the Courts of Europe, have spies everywhere, and are fearfully cunning and unscrupulous; on the stage, alas, he is merely a weak-kneed, stupid, melodrama villain, not more terrible than a stuffed lion, and he only roars for an Act and a-half, after which a play of political intrigue has to become a drama of jealousy. The style was more dignified than that of orthodox melodrama and there were several clever lines in the dialogue, but "Secret and Confidential" is not a good play and does not give good acting parts; otherwise, the fact that none of a strong cast—on paper—made a real "hit" can hardly be explained. The one noteworthy piece of acting was Mr. Aubrey Smith's, and his part was far too short.

To say that "The Best of Friends" is the best of Drury Lane dramas seems true. Some, perhaps, have had more vigorous stories, some more startling scenes, some more striking comic relief; but none, to my knowledge, have possessed all these qualities in so high a degree as Mr. Cecil Raleigh's latest, which, into the bargain, aims higher in some passages than its predecessors, and aims successfully. The scene of the surrender of the Last Commando is matter of which any theatre might be proud, since it is true, dignified drama, and "the Lane" public were really moved by it. Yet probably other elements will contribute more to success, such, for instance, as the quite remarkable scene where the handsomely clad Yeomanry, in a huge, splendid hall, toast the Queen and then dash down their glasses; or such as the thrilling circus interior, where an effort is made by the chief villain to cause the death of the heroine by tampering with the apparatus, wherefore the hero, the Earl of Amesbury, has to take an impromptu trapeze-flight. Yet it may be that the most successful moments were when the inimitable Mrs. John Wood foiled the efforts of some scoundrels of the Foreign Legion by threatening to blow up them and herself with gunpowder, which, after all, proved to be merely coffee—almost as fatal in this country as gunpowder, if somewhat slower in its action. She enjoyed a triumph, although not quite at her best as a first-night actress. Our younger ladies do not seem to possess the secret of her "lifting" power, which, possibly, is really a matter of pure personality. At any rate, she is very amusing already as the parrot-woman of the circus, and her fun will increase every night for some weeks to come. Mr. Conway Tearle, whose names remind one of two favourites, is a very useful new-comer. Mr. Sydney Valentine was most impressive, and very useful service was given by Mr. Reeves Smith, Mr. C. M. Lowne, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh.



MISS ALICE DAVIS,
WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING MISS EDNA MAY'S PART IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS," AT THE APOLLO.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BYWAYS TO THE RIVIERA.—I.

PRACTICALLY the whole of the Riviera migration passes down the Rhone Valley on its way south to Marseilles and the Mediterranean coast-towns. But, for travellers who are in no particular hurry to reach their winter destination, the alternative route through Central France may be strongly recommended. The centre



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, NÎMES.

of the Auvergne, and within easy distance of familiar watering-places like Royat, Vichy, and the Mont Dore, Clermont-Ferrand is well known to English tourists. As the place whence General Boulanger started upon his disastrous career, the city was in the mouth of everyone a few years ago. But the "brav' Général" and his black charger no longer find favour with other heroes of the Republic on the walls of the smaller French hostilities, and Clermont has returned to its more peaceful avocation of drying fruits and crystallising the golden apricots which in August convert its green orchards into a veritable Garden of the Hesperides.

The railway-station of Clermont suggests Clapham Junction only in so far that you may start for almost any part of the country from its platforms. Its roads, the admirable *routes nationales*, offer the automobilist a charming choice. Let him turn to the south-west, he will be in the land of the extinct Auvergne volcanoes and the Puy-de-Dôme. Let him turn south-east, and, entering the outposts of the Cévennes, he will presently come to Le Puy, the quaintest and most suggestive of mediæval cities, hard by the sources of the Loire, and once upon a time garrisoned by the English soldiers of Edward III. Since then it has altered little in appearance.

Built high up of brown lava-stone, and surmounted again by the hill which carries the modern statue of the Virgin cast from the cannon of Sevastopol, the Cathedral has from all time been a goal for the devout. Away to the north, the frowning ridges of the Mézenc break up into high, isolated rocks, crowned with the ruins of bygone castles, and sometimes with a tiny chapel, as that dedicated to St. Michael, which sets us wondering why here, as elsewhere, the militant saint enjoys a monopoly of such natural fastnesses.

But the Church of St. Laurent holds the dust of the great Du Guesclin, "très noble homme et vaillant messire," or a part of it, at least. His body, according to popular tradition, reposes under the broken-down, desolate tomb on the road from Le Puy to Mende, outside Châteauneuf-de-Randon, where he met his death and the English Governor laid the surrendered keys upon his hearse. Indeed, the whole country, wild, beautiful, and barren, beyond the railway to Langogne and again to Mende is full of memories of that far-away time when an English King ruled in Auvergne and to the Pyrenees. Passing from Le Puy to Mende, not once, but many times, we are reminded of the fact. The Col des Anglais survives to this day. The Fosse des Anglais recalls some long-forgotten tragedy.

The memories of a later English pioneer are revived in Mende and henceforward in all the beautiful country of chestnut forest, lavender-covered hills, and

deep, rushing waters associated with the name of Robert Louis Stevenson. For it was with his "Donkey in the Cévennes" that he made his first characteristic expedition and commenced the fame of a literary career which was never to desert him in life or in death. It was in the autumn, too, that he set out from Le Puy upon his journey, when the woods were golden and the chestnut harvest at full; and the little book, apart from its supreme literary flavour, is a perfect guide and companion for those who follow in his footsteps. Stevenson did not explore the gorges of the Tarn. Twenty years ago, as to-day, for the greater distance of the river from St. Énimie to Le Rozier, there was a waterway only, though the Château de la Caze, in the heart of the Cévennes, and most of the other interesting points are easily reached by roads crossing the desolate Causses, or tablelands, that rise in a thousand grotesque shapes of coloured rock sheer from the cañons of the river.

The Tarn itself forms a delightful byway; the native fisherman knows its swirling cataracts and deep, still pools as sure harbour for trout and grayling. Turning south again to Florac and up the Tarnon valley, the scenery is romantic in the extreme. Tumbledown towers perched upon apparently inaccessible rocks, vast overhanging cliffs falling sheer to the swift stream; and so into the broad, smiling valley which holds Florac, the capital of Lozère, but, by reason of its distance from the railway, as remote a town as any of the Cévennes region. Long the arena of the fierce religious wars which divided France, the ultimate Protestant majority finds expression in the ugly "temple" opposite the one inn and hard by the quarters of the Cévenol Alpine Club, for, though there is no summer snow upon them, these red sierras afford abundant test for the skill of those who affect rock-climbing.

It is half-a-day's drive to St. Cécile d'Andorge, upon the main line, and once over the dividing Col de Jalcreste—the watershed between Atlantic and Mediterranean—the country, in its trees, fruits, and flowers, begins to give unmistakable evidence that we are on the threshold of the sunny Midi, and no longer in the more arid West. Thence to Nîmes, by Alais, it is but two hours in the train, and Nîmes is, perhaps, the most fascinating of all the cities in Southern

France which the Romans of the Empire founded with imperishable stone, and the imagination of the Middle Ages embellished with peerless churches, towers, and fortifications built not for an age, indeed, but for all time. The arena where the Spanish bull-fight defies the edicts of the Republic; the gardens, with their marble Roman baths and the bath-house dedicated by tradition to Diana; and, most perfect gem of all, the Maison Carrée, the one uninjured temple of Augustan days in all the world—these are but a few of the attractions which the city offers, while it may be safely said that in no part of Europe will the traveller covering an equal distance have seen so wide a variety of people, scenery, and architecture as in the short digression from the beaten track which these pictures represent.

Other roads there are to the Riviera—the main line through Lyons and Avignon, the route that fringes the Alps of Grenoble, and the lesser-known Basses-Alpes. But, once past Clermont-Ferrand, that which pierces the Cévennes and draws to the Mediterranean by Nîmes is surely the most interesting of them all.

OLIVER GREY.

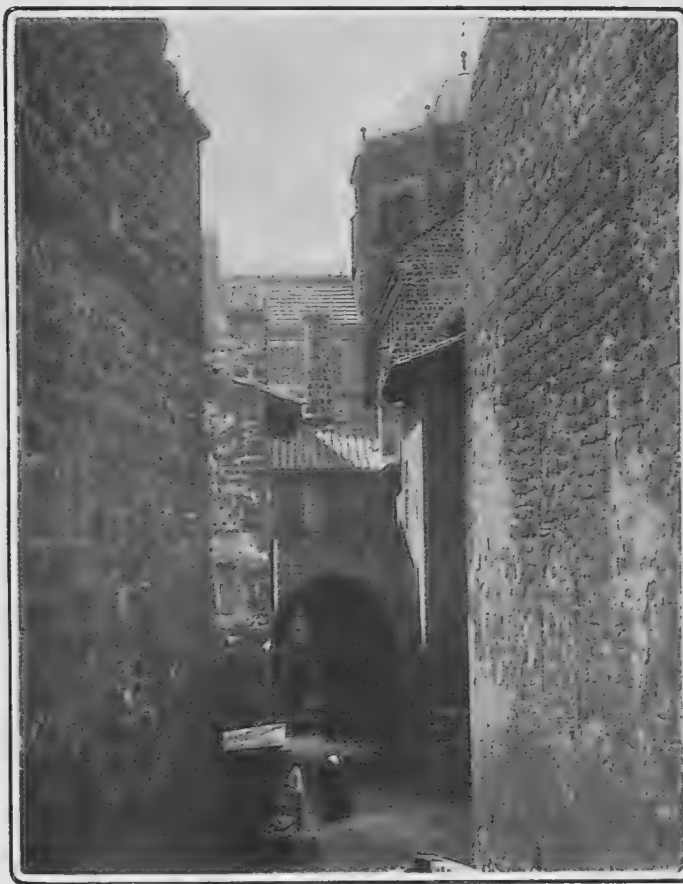


THE MAISON CARRÉE, NÎMES.

BYWAYS TO THE RIVIERA.



CLERMONT-FERRAND CATHEDRAL.



THE WALLS OF LE PUY AND CATHEDRAL.



ANCIENT GATE-HOUSE AT LE PUY.



A STREET IN MENDE.

"OLD DRURY."

BY JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THE sudden and unexpected eviction of Sir Henry Irving from the condemned Lyceum Theatre—a theatre which he re-created thirty years ago and made the respected Temple of Dramatic Art in England, Europe, and America—has forced him to find a new home in Drury Lane Theatre and brought that house once more into classic prominence. "Old Drury," as it has been called for more than a century, is regarded, particularly in America, as the "National Theatre," and it is certainly entitled to the reputation of being and having been the greatest "Variety Theatre" in the universe. Its curtain has never refused to rise on any entertainment, from an oratorio to a prize-fight, easily beating in this catholicity of taste and the theatrical trading spirit the Covent Garden Theatre which was burnt, the first Lyceum Theatre and English Opera House, which stood where the Gaiety Theatre now stands (for the present), and Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, which was pulled down for the betterment of the ground-rent.

"Old Drury," which may be said to date from 1617, has had many names as well as many occupations. It was first called the "Cockpit," and was, no doubt, devoted to cock-fighting. Both Shakspeare and Alleyne—"God's-Gift"—Alleyne—did not disdain the profits and pursuits of bull-baiting. For some reason, possibly a dispute with the referees, the mob—a power to be reckoned with—pulled it down and tore the decorations to pieces. At that time it was surrounded by fields. Fields were everywhere. Lincoln's Inn had fields, so had St. Giles's, and so had St. Martin's.

The theatre again showed a roof about 1623. It was then called the "Phoenix," but the old name, the "Cockpit," spelt "ye Cockpitt," was soon restored, occasionally varied by "Private House," then a favourite title.

Sir William D'Avenant, said to be an illegitimate son of William Shakspeare, soon appeared as manager, and opened the Cockpit in 1658. He was a great favourite of Charles II.—a King who had some experience as ballet-master to Louis XIV. D'Avenant was clever at getting "playhouse patents" from the King after the Restoration, and so was his friend, Thomas Killigrew, a Royal Page who wrote a few plays that were not successful. Theatre patents were personal favours granted to an individual, with no reference to particular sites. Killigrew's patent gave him liberty to erect a playhouse "in any place within the Cities of London and Westminster, or their suburbs, as might be most convenient." This produced a new theatre, built by Killigrew, "the trusty and well-beloved," on the spot once called the Riding Yard, where the present "Old Drury" stands. It had the usual "Bedford Lease"—this time very moderate in price—forty-one years at the annual rent of £50. The building must have been rather a barn, as it cost only £1500. Not much "architecture" in this case; but "Old Drury" has never been celebrated for external architecture. To do it justice, it was always (and still is) a real playhouse. Such as this early barn was, it was burnt down in 1672, carrying with it between fifty and sixty of the adjoining houses. The space the speculative builders had begun to cover was again cleared. Another and a much larger theatre was erected on the site, from designs, so it is said, prepared by Sir Christopher Wren (or in his office?), "much altered," it was added, "for the worse by his employers." This saves the great architect, for the enormous house (if the "north-west front" now given is anything like the original) must have resembled a huge hop-warehouse in Southwark, or the old floor-cloth factory, built about 1750, which stood for so many years opposite the Barracks at Knightsbridge. It was opened in 1674 (March 26), and pulled down in 1791. The theatre erected in its place had a pinched

front, with six Ionic pilasters, and was much like the front of the present Adelphi Theatre. It was not isolated according to modern L.C.C. rules. It was burnt down in 1809, but it was never ascertained whether by accident or design. The skeleton of the house was constructed of wood, for acoustic reasons, and it soon became a fiery furnace. The roof did not fall in for thirty minutes, which is twenty minutes longer than the average time. The precautions against fire were theoretically perfect. There were two large water-reservoirs at the top of the house, which, unfortunately, at that particular moment happened to be empty; and an iron curtain (no novelty in 1809) intended to separate the auditory from the stage, for the purpose of doing much in saving life and property, was, with its machinery, so much out of order as to be useless—it was, in fact, utterly immovable. The picture of the present theatre which is given shows it before the Colonnade was built and the guillotine portico, presided over by a sooty Shakspeare, was erected.

"Old Drury," as the "Great Variety Theatre," has a curious and mixed record. Its earliest manager of any distinction, Sir William D'Avenant, was certainly the prince of stage "producers," as they called themselves the day before yesterday, or of "presenters," as they call themselves to-day, and he was the first stage-manager to perfect the drama by the introduction of women on the stage. The theatre had a clever and versatile actor in David Garrick, who lacked the artistic taste to see what his contemporary, Charles Macklin, saw, that the Court-costume of the period was not the proper dress in which to play "Macbeth," and that he had better have faced Mrs. Siddons's weird power in Lady Macbeth than reduce himself to a weak-kneed marionette with the towering Mrs. Pritchard. The



DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1826.

From an Old Print.

theatre never did anything for the literature of the stage, with the exception of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and that brilliant *farceur* rewarded the theatre by pretending to buy a half of the amalgamated Killigrew-Davenant patent, which was never saleable and never divisible. Dramatic literature was left by "Old Drury" a little worse than it found it, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Shakspeare being half-smothered with a lot of rubbish like "The Castle Spectre," &c. The theatre was "everything by times and nothing long." It was, at intervals, a concert-hall, a circus, a refuge for destitute managers who wanted a big theatre and had only a few shillings to support their lesseeship; it was a music-hall without smoking and drinking in the auditory; an entertainment-hall where Ethiopian serenaders were received on Ash Wednesday and during Passion Week; it engaged Edmund Kean, found starving at Dorchester at the Theatre Royal Pig-Stye with his stomach more full of brandy than bread, to make him a demi-god; it was an Opera House playing in the wrong language to be fashionable; and it left its "saloons" to be cleared by Macready from the sweepings of Catherine Street, then the Haymarket of London. Now comes Sir Henry Irving, going back to "Old Drury" after an absence of nearly thirty-four years next spring, the interval having raised him from the ranks to the position of Commander-in-Chief. It is for him to remove the mere tradesman's ignorant writing on the wall, "Shakspeare Spells Bankruptcy." He will see before him the names of David Garrick, Sarah Siddons, Sheridan, John Kemble, Macready, Phelps, Salvini, and others. It is for him to add Henry Irving. It is for others to complete the inscription: "A great actor, a great manager, and a great gentleman," one who, in Dr. Johnson's words applied to David Garrick, "has advanced the dignity of his profession and made a 'player' a higher character."

THE EVOLUTION OF A CRICKET-BAT.



ROUGHLY SHAPING THE WOOD.



MAKING THE HANDLE: FOURTEEN PIECES OF CANE ARE PLANED UP AND GLUED TOGETHER.



FINISHING OFF WITH SANDPAPER.



SPlicing THE HANDLE.



PRESSING THE BLADE.



PLANING.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM THE
DIARY OF
AN ACTIVE
AUTUMN



IV.—IN THE MIST.

EARLY this morning, when I left the house and commenced the steep ascent of the hillside, the weather was quite summer-like, and I hesitated for a few moments before deciding that a waistcoat might have some uses before nightfall. My game-bag held cartridges and my "piece," which is the local name for lunch. I had said that the time of my return was uncertain, and in saying this I told more truth than I knew.

The road from house to moor leads first through a plantation of Scotch fir and larch, interspersed with poplar, spruce, and oak. Here



Forrest.

HAVING THE BOOK BEFORE ME.

one may often find a blackcock or grey hen at this season of the year, but we drove it on the 20th—after sending beaters through the fields to return the outlying black-game—and this morning I found no more than a rabbit, which I left on a tree-branch to save the trouble of carrying it about all the day. There is half-an-hour's steady climb to the top of the hillside, a climb over rough ground with deep and sudden depressions and stone piles that make walking wearisome, and it is good to reach the level heather and lie at length upon it, looking far over hill and dale to where the river, famous for salmon, shines like a thread of burnished silver some two miles away.

This morning I was intent upon the enjoyment of views and the study of bird and animal life, pursuits that are not always possible when you are one of a shooting-party intent upon a big bag, and I had decided to take only easy and obvious shots on my way across the hill. Having no dog and moving very quietly, I did very little to disturb the game; but a grouse crowed upon a heather-tuft in a slight hollow just before I came in sight and gave me a simple chance, and a great hare started to the right, passing from the thick protecting heather over a patch of bare, burnt ground some thirty yards away. Later, a snipe rose and offered a snap before he started to twist and turn, and for no apparent purpose a wood-pigeon came right over the gun. These things took two hours or more in the happening, and then I saw a big covey of grouse light on the hillside I had traversed about half-a-mile away, and decided to return to them later. For the moment, I was better pleased to take a book from my pocket, unbuckle the game-bag, and lie at length on the ground, propping head on hand and having the book before me.

I was very interested, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, and gradually the heat of the day or the sleep-giving properties of the ling were too much for me, the lines of type began to glide into one-another, and I knew no more until I woke with sudden start from some unpleasant but indefinite dream.

I looked round, and for a moment could not tell where I was; then, in a flash, I realised the unpleasant truth: the mist—genuine or Scotch variety—had settled upon the hillside while I slept, and would soon envelop everything. I gathered up my things and turned in the homeward direction, but the landmarks were obliterated, and I knew it would be a dangerous folly to seek the lowland now over the stone-strewn hollows. I remembered a little depression a few yards away, and, hurrying back to it just in time, found a comparatively cosy corner amid the heather, unfastened the bow of my cap and

pulled the side-pieces over my ears, buttoned my coat, and rejoiced because of my waistcoat.

I was a prisoner and the hour of my deliverance was not certain.

I examined my "piece." Sandwiches, oaten cakes and cheese, and a flask full of milk. In my pocket there was chocolate—I always take some when out shooting—so there was no need for anxiety about the food-supply. There was nothing for it but to pass my time patiently and hopefully.

The green plover screamed far below me, the cheerless cry of the curlew seemed to answer them. A great covey of grouse alighted somewhere on the knoll above me; the father bird shrilled defiantly at the fog, and the rest of his family chattered like ladies at afternoon-tea. Afternoon-tea, blessed memory! I felt I would have given many times more than the market price for a cup just then; the white mist was exceedingly cold and damp, and, had I not been wearing waterproof clothing, a very bad chill must have resulted. Just then, I seemed to be the only person left in the world, and, knowing little of the nature of the mists and still less of the countryside, I was hardly ashamed to feel uncomfortable.

Curiously enough, the denizens of the moor were at least as uncomfortable as I. The complaints of the birds were audible on all sides in notes of genuine and unmistakable disgust, and the covey of grouse close at hand was evidently afraid or unwilling to move. The plovers' cry was most eerie and unpleasant, and the water-fall on the far hillside had quite a hollow, muffled sound.

At last, after long hours, the mist seemed to lighten. I ate my "piece" and started up. The grouse took little notice of me, and were content to run and not to rise. It was possible to see a little way below me, some ten or twenty yards at the outside, for the mist seemed to be falling instead of rising; but it was better to move and shake off stiffness than to wait for further improvements. I took what seemed to be the direction in which the house lay and descended as quickly as was consistent with safety, carefully avoiding the places where big white patches lay unmoved, for I guessed that they hid deep hollows. Within half-an-hour I was out of the mist area and well into the rain, and soon found myself on an unknown road. A



Forrest.

HOT BROSE.

sharp walk of two miles brought me to a shepherd's cottage in the hollow of the hills, and there I found I was wet to the skin, cold, and tired-out.

That was two or three hours ago, since when the good-wife has given me hot brose, lent me her lord's plaid, and warmed me and my clothes by a fine bright fire, sending one of her lads to the house to say I am none the worse for my experience and will come on later.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

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THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON. V.-VIII.*

(See "Small Talk." Photographs exclusive to "The Sketch.")



MR. BRUCE SMITH (COVENT GARDEN).

* The numerical arrangement of this series has no professional significance.—ED.

THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON.



MR. W. B. SPONG (SHAFTESBURY THEATRE).

THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON.



MR. WALTER HANN (PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE).

THE SCENIC ARTISTS OF LONDON.



MR. W. T. HEMSLEY (LYRIC THEATRE).

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"SPORT AND POLITICS UNDER AN EASTERN SKY."

THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY, the author of this imposing and superbly produced volume (William Blackwood and Sons), says in his opening remarks that one of the features of the latter half of last century was to be found in the extraordinary facilities everywhere given the traveller, no matter to what distant or comparatively unknown part of the globe he might wish to betake himself, but still there remained some "few secluded nooks" which were well out of reach of a Cook's tourist ticket. Identifying, apparently, the "few secluded nooks" with the "still unconquered strongholds of nature" (Introduction, pp. xvii., xviii.), Lord Ronaldshay three years ago made an expedition into Kashmir—though, by the way, Kashmir can scarcely be called virgin ground, as one would almost have supposed from the "secluded nooks" and the "still unconquered strongholds." Lord Ronaldshay pleads guilty to having succumbed to the alluring spell of the East, "whose Circean grip once felt can never be forgotten."

Here (he writes) in the lands of the Southern Cross may be found delight in roaming free through the heavy fragrance of a tropical jungle, where vegetation, left to its own sweet will, envelops the earth with a mantle of wild luxuriance, till the soft shades of evening steal silently over the land, when, beneath the shadow, perhaps, of the temple of some old-world god, the wanderer rests, to conjure up, as he lists to the drowsy hum borne on the scent-laden breath of the tropical night, visions of things inexplicable veiled darkly in the mystic romance of the East. For him for whom solitude has no charm are cities of wonderful fashion and design, homes of a polyglot crowd of mixed humanity, living pictures possessed of all the glitter and variety of the ever-changing pattern of a kaleidoscope; palaces, temples, tombs, and pinnacles—all monuments of the incomparable art of the East.

The first half of the volume is an account of two years' wandering in some of the wild lands of Western Asia; and, even if the ground traversed is not exactly new, the book will undoubtedly prove of interest to sportsmen and travellers, more especially the former. The second part is the narrative of a journey over the recently constructed trade-route between India and Persia across the wastes of Beluchistan, and is of more general importance than the other, touching, as it does, on the political and commercial aspect of affairs of particular interest to the Empire at the present time, when the question of Persia seems likely to come prominently forward. With regard to this important question, Lord Ronaldshay disclaims being either Russophile or Russophobe. He believes that any actual alliance with either Russia or Germany would not be to the advantage of Great Britain, "who with her Colonies should be capable of maintaining her rights without external aid." At the same time, he has his own ideas on the subject—

I would point out to the impartial observer that those who are perpetually urging us to come to an understanding with Russia can scarcely have asked themselves seriously what is the value of an agreement with a country whose political code is of the kind which allows and applauds the deeds of a Kauffmann and a Komaroff,

while it endeavours to blind its victim with the conciliatory oratory of a Schouvaloff and a De Giers; neither can they have observed the unhealthy state of a political atmosphere vitiated with the contaminating smoke which rises from the sheaf of broken and abortive promises piled high on the altar raised to Muscovite diplomacy.

Of his adventures in pursuit of wild game in Highest Asia Lord Ronaldshay writes entertainingly enough. An extended version of a sportsman's diary is apt to be a trifle dull to everyone except the man who lived and wrote it, but everywhere throughout this portion of the book there is exhibited the saving grace of humour—nor is it absent, for that matter, from the other part. And this is all the more noteworthy inasmuch as Lord Ronaldshay desired above all things to be unsensational, and to avoid "making points." "I have been careful," he writes, "to pay the strictest attention to accuracy, and have preferred to give a true and bald statement of facts rather than to gild over the often, I fear, prosaic account with a cheap veneer of gaudy imagination." That he had plenty of hard work and many difficulties to encounter sufficiently appears from the fact that the total result of his long shoot was only thirty-six animals, including, however, splendid specimens of the ibex, the snow-bear, and the Tibetan antelope.

As already indicated, the latter half of the book is of more general interest than the former. Lord Ronaldshay travelled from Simla to London *via* Quetta, Nushki, Seistan, Meshed, the Caspian, and Moscow, and in the course of his journey he passed over the new and important trade-route which connects India with Persia through the deserts of Beluchistan. Of this route his Lordship says—

What is wanting in physical attraction is made up for by the interest afforded in speculating as to its political, strategical, and commercial position, which, considering its more than probable value, looked at from a commercial view alone, has until quite recently been sadly neglected. It is to the merchant, undoubtedly, that the new route must appeal most strongly at present, dangling, as it does, before his eager eyes visions of fortunes waiting to be gathered; but hand in hand with the merchant will be found the politician, and that the results of the bridge thus raised between India and Persia, across the Gulf of Beluchistan, will penetrate beyond its present terminus is scarcely open to doubt.

And the "bridge," as Lord Ronaldshay terms it, will soon be built, for Lord Curzon has

succeeded in solving in a satisfactory manner the problem of constructing a railway between Quetta and Nushki, to be subsequently extended into Persia through Seistan. In the latter territory the influence of England is at present predominant, but Russian intrigue is at work.

In commending Lord Ronaldshay's work, it remains to be added that the book is richly illustrated with pictures and maps.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY.

Photograph by Metcalfe, Richmond, Yorkshire. Reproduced by permission from "Sport and Politics Under an Eastern Sky." (Blackwood and Sons.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY** in the matters of **NAMES** and **DATES**, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.



THE EDELWEISS GATHERER.

I am too high for pity that attain
 Unto this lone white pinnacle of pain,
 Because my quest is placed so high above
 The plains and valley-streams of lesser love.
 Beyond the reach of unambitious eyes
 My flower rises—and I also rise.

None but the souls who also climb from pain
 To pain, and in white loneliness remain,
 Crash from the ice-wall, drown in glacier-flood,
 And mark the stainless mountains with their blood,
 Can see the wounds I carry—if they bleed—
 And they are wounded, too, and take no heed.

I am too high for pity; neighbours see
 On the familiar paths no track of me;
 I walk the mountain roads where no man leaves
 A footmark—where the seeking spirit cleaves
 To nothing that it knew—where midst the ice
 Out of the sheer cliff grows the Edelweiss.

NORA CHESSON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

LOVE AND THE LOAFER.

By GILBERT DAYLE.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



IT had been a most satisfactory interview, and I came down the staircase of the big hotel feeling rather pleased with myself. Few people can enjoy a really excellent lunch and transact what they hope will turn out to be really excellent business at the same time; yet, apparently, I had done both, and, as I paused for a moment in the vestibule to light a cigarette, I felt that, at least, the day, so far, had been a success.

I determined I would stroll for half-an-hour before paying the call I had in view. As I walked slowly along in the direction of Piccadilly, I met Dudley Oswald, a dapper little man who had cultivated gossip and dress until they reached the level of a fine art. "And whither is the Honourable Hugh Wardrick bound?" he said, with his customary bland smile.

"The immediate scheme, Ossy, is a stroll of half-an-hour's duration," I replied.

He looked at me a trifle aghast. "Walk for half-an-hour!" he exclaimed. "Have you lunched too heavily or are you in trouble?"

"I've been lunching with a Mr. James Magrath at the Mammoth, Ossy. Incidentally, I am walking because I rather like exercise."

"Strange creature!" he ejaculated. "James Magrath—let me see," he continued, reflectively. "Isn't he the Argentine person who has made a fortune out there with his cattle-breeding on a stupendous scale?"

"Yes, I met him in Lisbon the other day, and came home on the Royal Mail boat with him. An interesting man."

"I don't think I should find him so," the little gossip returned, with a yawn. "There's no female element." He paused and looked at me with his small, twinkling eyes. "Oh! by the way, Wardrick, people are rather talking about you and Miss Mareson—anything in it, old son?"

"Oh! I don't think so, Ossy," I replied, meditatively.

"Well, I'm very glad, because I can now talk out," he babbled on, pleasantly. "The Maresons are, of course, pathetically poor, and the old man insists on pretty little Edna marrying a man with money; Goldstein, the City shark, in particular. And they say he actually forbade young Charlie Grenfell, who was head-over-ears in love with her, ever speaking to her again. But, of course, I forget, you would know all about that—you're very thick with young Charlie now, aren't you?"

"Yes, we're quite friendly," I replied.

The little man laughed.

"Well, it seemed rather funny, for no sooner had old Mareson given Charlie the definite kick-out than you, his friend, must needs come along and cause him fresh anxiety about the Goldstein project. But you say he is needlessly alarmed—there's nothing in it, eh?"

"I trust to be able to reassure him very shortly," I said. "I intend asking for the honour of Miss Carden's hand."

Here was news for the gossip! He gave a little, low whistle of excitement. "Jove, Wardrick, but you have pluck! You're going to tackle the 'Leather King' in his castle in Berkeley Square?"

"I rather thought of it," I replied. "You see, I'm very much in love with his daughter."

"I don't envy you—he's a beast! One of the worst type of abominably rich, self-made men. I detest him—in fact, I owe him one!"

"But you know his views?" he continued, breathlessly. "He hates the loafer of good family! He has got horribly crude ideas about a man working for his living, and he expresses them with startling force. My dear old son, he'll simply eat you!"

"Oh! I think it's worth trying," I said, lighting another cigarette. "If he's unreasonable, I shall have to elope with her—that's all."

He looked at me admiringly. "You're positively great in your impudence, Wardrick! You'll let us know what happens, won't you?"

"Of course. But if I don't return—well, you'll know I've been eaten."

I shook hands with him, then strolled leisurely to the great house in Mayfair where resided Mr. Jasper Carden, the "Leather King." He didn't, perhaps, strike one as the sort of person who ought to live in

Berkeley Square, but he had a young and charming daughter, and that excused his many shortcomings.

As I was ushered in, he was coming out of his study, which opened on to the hall. He had his hat and gloves in his hand, and was evidently going out. He caught sight of me and a slight frown crossed his forehead.

"You want to see me, Mr. Wardrick?" he said, in his pompous tones.

"Oh—not particularly!" I answered, politely.

"I can give you two minutes," he said, with a glance at his heavy, big gold watch. Everything about Mr. Carden suggested heaviness, by the way.

He pushed open the door of his study and I followed him in. I was wondering how I should start the conversation, when he solved the difficulty for me himself. He stared at me from under his bushy eyebrows for a moment, then banged the table suddenly with his fist.

"I know what you are going to say, Mr. Wardrick, and, let me tell you, it isn't a bit of good!" he began, angrily. "You're after my daughter! Don't tell me you're not, because I'm no fool, and I've seen it!"

"I wouldn't contradict you for worlds," I said.

"Very well, then," he continued, fiercely. "I'm a man who has made a fortune through my own exertions—a man sprung from the working classes. Do you think I'm going to let my daughter marry a penniless loafer of good family for the sake of bragging about the connection I've acquired?"

"It's the usual thing," I said. I quite saw it was useless to discuss my little scheme with him in his present mood. As Ossy had said, he was horribly crude in his ideas and in his manner of expressing them.

A flush spread over his face.

"Well, you've found a self-made man who isn't going to do it now—even though you are the son of Lord Mullerton. There, sir, you know exactly the position. I absolutely forbid anything of the sort, and shall be obliged by your discontinuing your visits here. That's all I have to say!" And, with an abrupt nod, he turned on his heel and vanished. A moment afterwards I heard the street-door slam.

I stood up and thought for a second. Then I moved to the wall and touched a bell. A footman entered. I told him my simple wants, and a few minutes later was shown into the drawing-room, where Miss Carden was sitting in solitary state. She was a delightfully pretty girl of about twenty-one, and we had seen a good deal of one another lately. I looked for her customary smile of welcome, but was disappointed. There was a distinct air of coolness about her reception.

I could not make it out, and inquired if anything was the matter.

"Not that I am aware," she said, frigidly.

"Oh, very well; then we can talk!" I said, cheerfully. "I have just seen your father, and what do you think he has told me?"

"I am sure I cannot guess," she said, with an air of absolute indifference.

"Well, he was absurd enough to say that I mustn't make love to you!"

I saw a little tinge of colour spread over her cheek.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have actually been to my father and—?" she began, indignantly.

"Oh dear, no! He gave me the information perfectly gratuitously. He was distinctly forcible in his language, too."

"I'm glad of that," she said.

Her manner was certainly puzzling. Everything had been so different the last time we had met.

"I don't like your father at all," I observed, truthfully.

There was a dead silence for a moment.

"I have yet to learn the object of this visit?" she said, icily.

I gazed at her in astonishment. "I came to propose to you, of course! You knew very well I should do it before long!" I exclaimed.

She was sitting up in her chair very stiffly. Her little lips were pressed closely together.

"Then, if that was your object, I am glad you have seen my father. He has probably expressed my views to a nicety," she said, in very slow, clear-cut tones.

"You mean to say you don't want me to propose to you?" I cried, as if I couldn't believe my ears.

"I certainly trust you never will!" she broke out.

I knew something serious must have happened and was wondering how I could get at the truth.

"But when we last met—at the Mostyns' ball?" I reminded her.

"I wish to forget the Mostyns' ball."

"Ah, but you can't!" I put in. "I'm afraid you're trying to deceive yourself that you don't love me."

She gave a hard little laugh. "It would be more difficult to deceive myself that I did!" she replied.

"Oh, come, you can't expect me to believe that, you know!" I said, incredulously. "What objection could you possibly have to me as a husband?"

"Do you want to force me to speak very plainly indeed?" she said, slowly.

"The plainer the better!" I said, encouragingly.

She looked me straight in the face, and I knew I was to get it rather badly.

"I detest fortune-hunters!" she began, very distinctly.

"So do I—loathe 'em!" I commented.

"Well, then, you should hate yourself!" she said, her eyes blazing beautifully. "For that is what I believe you are! I confess I rather liked you at first, but I had not found out then that for years you had done nothing—merely idled your time away, living on the few hundreds a-year you have!"

"Pardon me—not living, more often getting into debt," I explained frankly.

She paid no heed to my interruption.

"Not content with that, you must needs make love to a pretty girl."

I almost gave a gasp of relief. The mystery was explained—a mere elementary case of common or garden jealousy!

"Well, there is no crime in that," I said.

"There is when, happening to meet the daughter of a rich man, you promptly attempt to make love to her, at the same time continuing your attentions to the other!" she flashed out.

"Ah! you are referring to that jolly girl, Edna Mareson," I said, with a smile—I had decided to indulge her. "I certainly have seen rather a lot of her lately."

"So I have heard, and also, by chance, observed for myself. I noticed you at tea alone with her at Garou's, in Bond Street, yesterday."

"I never saw you," I said.

"Probably not!" she said, with another little flash. "But we need not discuss the matter. I am not interested."

"You think I am in love with Edna?" I asked.

"If you are not, you are behaving infamously!" she exclaimed. "Now you understand why it is an insult for you to talk of proposing to me." She rose from her chair and confronted me like a young tragedy queen.

"Apart from any question of that, I would not marry you under any circumstances," she said, contemptuously. "The man I marry must be a man who will work for me—not lead an idle existence on the money I provide. I don't care what he is, but if I loved him and he was willing to fight the world for me, I would marry him—even against my father's will. I could do this for a man of that type, but for an idling fortune-hunter—no!"

"Do you know, I fancy you have been talking with your father too much," I said. "That style of conversation is horribly catching!"

She was very angry indeed now.

"You know this means losing me—driving me back to Edna?" I continued, in a tone of sorrowful warning.

For answer she rose and pressed the bell-button. It struck me as a somewhat feeble mode of retaliation.

I picked up my hat and gloves.

"Very well," I said, with a sigh. "It's good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said, with a stiff little bow.

I gave her one last glance, then permitted myself to be ushered out by the footman. Outside, on the pavement, I lighted a cigarette.

"It was a pity I couldn't explain," I said, regretfully. "But I think there is little doubt she loves me—she was so delightfully angry."

I got into a hansom and drove to my modest flat in Kensington.

There I found a letter from Lady Dinshaw. She was a dear old lady who had always taken an interest in me. I tore it open and saw it was addressed from the Royal Hotel at Seabourne—

DEAR SCAMF.—How is the affair you confided to me going? As I know something of Mr. Jasper Carden, I anticipate not very well. In my rôle of an interfering old lady, I have invited dear Cicely here to stay with me on Thursday next, and she has accepted. Come down also to see me, and you will have the field to yourself.—Yours ever,

AGNES DINSHAW.

"What luck!"

I exclaimed, as I

folded it up. "Now, if I can only fit the pieces together!"

I thought hard for a little time, then went out and was extravagant enough to take another cab to the Maresons'. Here I was fortunate in finding little Edna alone, and I left her with her cheeks flushed and in a great state of excitement. Her father had been talking to her much about Goldstein, the shark, that afternoon.

Then I got back to my rooms and found young Charlie Grenfell awaiting me. He was very excited also.

"What have you settled, Hugh?" he cried.

"Seabourne—Thursday, at twelve o'clock, you unmitigated scoundrel!" I answered, briefly.

Seabourne is one of those quietly fashionable places on the South Coast, never uncomfortably crowded with the wrong people, yet, as a rule, pleasantly sprinkled with interesting folk. It was about half-past seven on the following Thursday that I found myself descending from my room to the dining-hall of the Royal Hotel. I had been in



"I have yet to learn the object of this visit?" she said, icily.

"LOVE AND THE LOAFER."

Seabourne since the morning, but, on arriving at the hotel, found, to my surprise, that Lady Dinshaw had journeyed to town earlier in the day.

I was just speculating on the meaning of this move, when a turn in the staircase brought me face to face with Cicely. She was standing, apparently undecided whether to go up or down. We stared at one another for a moment, and I made a successful effort to conceal the delight I felt at the meeting.

"This is really very tiresome," I began, petulantly.

"Lady Dinshaw invited me down," she said, crossly. "I have just arrived and find she is not here. It's too late to go back now. It's very annoying; the only thing to do is to remain the night!"

I glanced at her dress.

"And a moment ago you were pausing on the stairs to summon up enough courage to go into dinner alone?" I said. "What do you say to making use of me? I am better than nothing, you know!"

"I don't like it at all!" she said, decidedly.

"Of course not—I hate the idea of it myself! But we must consider the necessity of the situation. Think how odd it will be for you to sit in that big dining-hall by yourself!"

"It would be rather odd," she said, doubtfully, as if to herself.

"It would be the oddest of odd things!" I cried.

She hesitated for another moment.

"I suppose it's the only thing to be done," she said, at length, somewhat wearily.

I led her down to the gaily lighted dining-hall, and we found a charming little table for two. We had hardly finished the soup when a waiter brought in a telegram for Miss Carden.

It was from Lady Dinshaw, and she handed it to me to read without a word of comment. It ran—

Find my letter asking you to postpone visit till Friday did not reach you in time. Please stay; shall be back to-morrow.—DINSHAW.

I gave it back to her. "I suppose I shall have to be your chaperon until she arrives!" I said, with a sigh.

"Thank you, but your company at dinner will suffice," she said, ungratefully.

It was rather a one-sided affair. I talked away genially, but she answered me merely in monosyllables. She was still very angry indeed with me—I could see it clearly.

"There's no great love without jealousy," I murmured, contentedly.

She gave me a sharp look of inquiry. I smiled at her.

"Oh, nothing—quite nothing!" I said, quickly. "Merely a trifling philosophical reflection."

I turned my head and gazed over the crowd of diners. Suddenly I gave a little start of surprise, as in a far corner I caught sight of Dudley Oswald dining with another man. He was watching our table, and gave a gay little wave of his hand as our glances met.

The dinner came to an end, and I saw Ossy get up with his friend. They walked to the doorway and he turned and looked towards our table. I saw him speak a word to his companion, then he came swiftly towards us. He laid a hand on my shoulder; his little eyes were twinkling and his face was wreathed with smiles.

"Clever, clever children!" he whispered. "There, I'm not going to stay—don't be frightened. Just a moment to wish you all sorts of nice things and to say I'm delighted. My trip to Seabourne hasn't been wasted. I go—to spread the good news! *Au revoir!*"

And, before I could stop him, he had tripped away lightly and vanished through the doorway with his friend.

Then I looked across at Miss Carden. There was a bright spot on either of her cheeks.

"Nice little chap, Ossy!" I said. "Knows most things that aren't true!"

She rose from her seat and cast a withering glance at me.

"I think I will retire to my room at once. Good-evening!" she said, coldly. And, with the merest bow, she moved away.

I stopped and enjoyed my coffee. Later on, I went to look for Ossy, but he was nowhere to be found, and, on inquiry, I discovered he was not even stopping at the hotel. He had merely dined there.

I went to bed and slept rather late the next morning. When I arrived down I could find no trace of Miss Carden. I roamed about disconsolately, and about eleven caught sight of her coming in from the front. I kept out of sight and watched her enter the drawing-room, then I followed. I gave a sigh of relief as I found we were the only two in the room.

She turned round and caught sight of me. The sea-air had touched her cheeks and she looked wonderfully fresh and dainty.

"I have been waiting about for you," I explained, frankly.

"I was hoping you had left the hotel. I should have thought that course would have suggested itself to you," she said, contemptuously.

"Oh, I'm going in a few minutes!" I answered. "Only I wanted to tell you something first. Won't you sit down?"

"Is there no escaping you?" she said, helplessly.

"Absolutely none!" I replied. She sat down on the edge of a chair, with a look of utter resignation.

"I merely wanted to say I married her yesterday—at St. Michael's, round the corner," I added, indicating the direction with a jerk of my finger.

"Married whom?" she said, sharply.

"Little Edna Mareson, of course—that is, to Charlie Grenfell," I remarked, as an after-thought.

She gave a little gasp. "You mean——?"

"A bolt. They were madly in love with one another, and I was unscrupulous enough to be his best man. I like Charlie, you know—rattling good sort! In fact, I arranged everything, for I had the *entrée* to old Mareson's house, and Charlie hadn't. He was forbidden fruit!"

I glanced at her. There was a little look in her eyes which I could have sworn was relief.

"And is that why you were so much with her, and people said——?"

"Oh, those dear people!" I exclaimed. "I was simply dying to tell you, but I had given the little girl and Charlie my sacred word of honour, you know."

I rose from my seat and strolled to the window. I wondered how she was going to take it.

"And, oh!—there's just one thing more I'd like to tell you," I said, without looking round. "I'm leaving England next month—going to the Argentine."

"Going away!" I heard her say.

"Yes," I went on, playing with the tassel of the blind. "The other day, I met Magrath, the big horse-breeder, and he was good enough to offer me a billet as manager of his show out there. You see, horses are about the only thing I do understand."

"And you're actually going?" she said, in a little, still voice.

"Yes. It's a thousand a-year, a big house, and jolly open-air life. I fancy I shall rather like it."

There was a dead silence. I was dying to turn round, but did not dare.

"And had you settled on this the other day when——?"

"When I called," I finished. "Oh, yes! I'd made up my mind to get something to do ever since——" I came to an abrupt stop.

"Since——?" I heard her prompt.

"Well," I stammered. "I dare say I've been pretty good as a loafer, but I somehow fancy I'm not much in the fortune-hunter line!"

Then I turned round and our eyes met.

At that moment there was a clatter outside, and the door opened with a bang.

"In here, did you say?" a rough voice that I recognised exclaimed; then the door banged to again.

We both swung round and found Mr. Jasper Carden standing in front of us, his face purple with rage.

"Ah, here you are!" he cried. "Now, don't think you're going to fool me with any soft words, because you're not. I heard the news and came down first train, but not to forgive you—just to tell you what you've got to expect!"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but how *did* the news reach you?"

He pulled out a telegram and thrust it in my hand. I straightened it out and read—

Congratulate you heartily on becoming a father-in-law. Have just seen the happy pair; they are at Royal Hotel, Seabourne. Again best wishes.—DUDLEY OSWALD.

Then I remembered—Ossy owed him one!

"Now, look here," continued the "Leather King," glaring at his daughter, "I'm only going to stay one minute. You've eloped with this loafing, penniless scoundrel." Mr. Carden never minced words. "You've made a fool of me! You thought directly you had actually married him I should come round. Nothing of the sort! You've made your choice, and you shall try what it is like living with your aristocratic loafer with his beggarly few hundreds a-year. That's all I've got to say!"

I was watching the girl intently. She had gone a little pale, but she did not move. Then she looked up at her father.

"Very well," she said, quietly.

I felt a sudden feeling of excitement whirl through me.

"Hooray!" I cried, exultantly.

She turned and her eyes met mine. I saw a hot little wave of colour sweep over her face.

"I mean it!" cried Mr. Carden, furiously. "Not a penny—not a single——!"

I crossed to the door and opened it.

"I suppose you'll be wanting to catch the 11.40 back to town, sir? Capital train—only one stop!" I observed.

He gave me a withering glance, then stamped out of the room. The next moment I had run across to her and she was in my arms. There were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" I cried. "We'll have a rippin' life out there; and I'll work just like a nigger, fight the world for you—oh, bother it, I'm getting stagey! But you know I'll do it, don't you, and you'll marry me?"

She smiled at me through her tears.

"How can I help it when already I've eloped with you?" she cried.

Then Lady Dinshaw arrived, and laughed until the tears ran down her dear old face when she heard the recital. She chaperoned Cicely, and we were married two days later by licence.

So it all ended very jollily for the loafer. Mr. Jasper Carden, however, on hearing I was actually going to work, showed himself in a very absurd light by attempting to receive me as a son-in-law with open arms. Indeed, he pleaded so hard to be allowed to settle all sorts of things upon me that at last I yielded and forgave him.

But, all the same, Cicely and I set sail for Buenos Ayres. If Mr. Carden was inconsistent, I was not.



ANOTHER HOOLIGAN OUTRAGE IN THE WEST-END.

DRAWN BY ERNEST SMYTHE.



THE EVOLUTION OF DONALD.

DRAWN BY JAMES GREIG.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. WILSON BARRETT is always so fond of his *Sketch* and *Sketch* readers are always so fond of him that I lost no time in calling upon my old friend directly after he had landed at the Walsingham after his voyage from South Africa. Notwithstanding the terrible and, indeed, almost fatal illness that he underwent just before he sailed for his beloved England, I found him looking and behaving as the same old buoyant, breezy, brave Barrett as of yore. He was,

I quickly observed, properly proud of the heckling he had administered, in speeches, letters, and so forth, to those who out in South Africa would dare belittle British pluck and British prestige. Many a touching and thrilling story (perhaps to be told herein ere long) did Wilson Barrett relate to me of the prowess and patience as well as of the sufferings which our brave fellows underwent, and all this within his own ken and not from hearsay.

But waiving, for the present crowded week, further mention of Friend Barrett's stirring stories of the War and many matters concerned therewith, I pass on to note what playgoing *Sketch* readers will rejoice to learn,

namely, that Wilson Barrett will speedily resume acting among his fellow Britons. Early in October he will start a tour, and early in that tour he will present at Bristol (for the first time in England, barring a copyright performance) his new "Alfred the Great" drama, "The Christian King." This will be followed by a drama which I found Mr. Barrett even now engaged upon, namely, "The Never-Never Land." This play is, he tells me, thoroughly modern in tone and feeling, but with a development of story which is, Mr. Barrett believes, absolutely new to the stage. Both these new plays may be expected in London (with this popular actor-author in them) either about Christmastide or by the beginning of the New Year.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree informs me that he has *not* arranged to further postpone the production of Mr. Hall Caine's new play, "The Eternal City," at His Majesty's, from Oct. 2. Indeed, he asserts that he would not have postponed even till then but for getting a little more opportunity for pastime as well as for play-preparation.

In the meantime, Mr. Tree is, in the intervals of motoring to and from his new house at Shooter's Hill, busy chair-taking at sundry secret managerial meetings in connection with the recent threat of the Lord Chamberlain not to issue any more licences for theatres except they have in every way met with the approval of the London County Council. As I write, another meeting is being held; and, from what I have heard of the propositions to be submitted thereat, I am prepared to hear of a decision that will rather surprise many folk—whether concerned or otherwise.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude have, I find, just started rehearsing a new play, which is by Captain Marshall, the adapter of their present chief piece, "There's Many a Slip." The popular impresarii, however, tell me that they may not want this new play just yet, but that they hold it good to be prepared for emergencies. They have already engaged a strong cast for the new play, which is at present entitled "The Unforeseen."

The report as to Lord Tiverton really being the "Mr. Oliver Bath" who wrote for Miss Kitty Loftus "Naughty Nancy," now being played at the Savoy, is contradicted. The statement that the Duchess of Sutherland has written a drama is not at present denied.

So, what with that play and with others one hears of as being written in the highest circles, the aristocracy will still have a dramatic "look-in," as the saying is.

Messrs. George Dance and George Arliss's much-debated "Smart Set" play (one of four "Smart Set" pieces) has just been re-named "The West End." Under this somewhat ambiguous title, the play will be produced by Messrs. George Dance and George Edwardes at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, next Monday.

The innovation of the authors of "Three Little Maids," who sought to make the Christian names of their heroines coincide with those of the actresses impersonating them, was, as all playgoers are aware, unfortunately prevented by the sudden illness of one of the actresses. Now the characters no longer bear the same relation to their impersonators, for during the absence of Miss Edna May from the cast of that exceedingly popular production, which is now filling the Prince of Wales' Theatre, as before it filled the Apollo, Miss Alice Davis took her part, her place, and her Christian name. In obedience, however, to the managerial policy of Mr. George Edwardes, that what is good enough for London is not too good for the provinces, Miss Davis has, for the time at all events, given up the part which she has been playing with such conspicuous success to another actress, and has gone on tour, in order to delight the audiences of the chief provincial cities and towns, from whom she will unquestionably reap those laurels which are always freely bestowed on those who succeed in interesting and amusing them.

Mr. Ben Greet's Principal Company, in the revised version of "The Casino Girl," is the attraction at Kennington Theatre this week. That droll American comedian, Mr. James E. Sullivan, will sustain the character of Pilsener Pasha (his original part at the Shaftesbury Theatre when "The Casino Girl" was produced), and he is supported by a large and talented Company. This is Mr. Sullivan's first appearance in suburban London.

The new poetical drama, "For Sword or Song," which that graceful bard and shrewd business-manager, Mr. R. G. Legge, has written for Miss Julia Neilson and her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, has just been successfully tried at Manchester. Ere long you will see this really pretty as well as powerful drama in London.

A nautical melodrama, constructed on the long-accepted Adelphi pattern, will be produced for the first time on any stage at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, next Monday, the 29th. Mr. Charles Glenney will play what may be called the "Terriss" part. This play is the work of Mr. Frederic A. Stanley, whose season at the Avenue ended last Saturday, and Mr. Alexander F. Henderson, who has so long successfully run the Fulham Grand.

At the moment of writing, I am glad to learn, and I am sure all *Sketch*-reading entertainment-patrons will be glad also to learn, that Mr. Dan Leno, "the King's Jester," is improving after his serious attack of illness. A very cheery letter is just to hand from the great little droll, who is at Eastbourne. He expects to start his exclusive engagement at the London Pavilion in a few weeks' time.

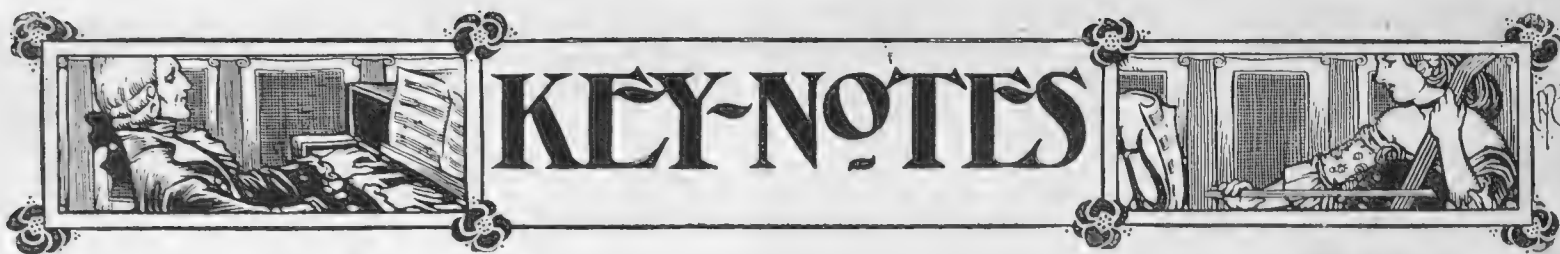
"Sporting Simpson," Miss Martingdale's new farcical comedy which Messrs. George Giddens and C. B. Cochran are producing at the Royalty, Glasgow, as we are going to press, will next Wednesday week be brought to the Royalty, in Dean Street, Soho.



MRS. CECIL RALEIGH,
NOW PLAYING LADY ALINE REDWOOD IN "THE BEST OF FRIENDS," AT DRURY LANE.
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS LENA ASHWELL,
NOW PLAYING ELLEN FARNDON IN "CHANCE, THE IDOL,"
AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



ONCE more one has to record the almost unbroken success which has attended the doings of the Moody-Manners opera season, which is now drawing to an end. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the actual date of its finish will be Sept. 27, as after that date the Opera House will be required for extensive preparations for the forthcoming Fancy-Dress Ball season, and the Moody-Manners Company will then fulfil their provincial engagements. During the last week, two new operas will be added to the repertoire, namely, "Tristan" and "Rosalba," by Pizzi. It may be added that the first Ball will take place on Friday, Oct. 10, and valuable prizes will be awarded, as usual, for the best costumes.

In using that phrase, "almost unbroken success," one recalls chiefly the performance, a few days ago, of "Siegfried," which really was not good. The scenery used during the Grand Opera season is, of course, extremely beautiful, and it was used on this occasion; but it was curious that here, where the chorus is, of course, entirely absent (and it will be remembered that half the success of this season has been due to the magnificent singing of the chorus), the interpretation lost a *first-rate* quality. Mr. Brozel's Siegfried was earnest, intelligent, and well sung; but, somehow, it was a pocket edition of Siegfried. It was somewhat lacking in nobility, in breadth, in the grander elements of the part. Mr. Brozel is always pleasing; but, somehow, Siegfried should be a great deal more than pleasing. Nor was Mr. Payne Clarke's Mimi Wagnerian enough. Paradoxical as the thing may sound, he was inclined to sing the part too well; the peculiar method of singing, however, which was purposed for this character (a sort of malicious drone with little nasal and hysterical vocal interludes) will explain the phrase. In that one lovely bar in all Mimi's music, "Siegfried mein Sohn," he became positively sentimental, a thing almost unpardonable. Madame Fanny Moody's Brünnhilde was intelligent, but not big enough. There was just the light-opera touch about it which made the part almost skittish. Now Brünnhilde was not skittish.

The orchestra, under Herr Richard Eckhold, was not quite in its best form—and one dwells on this performance because it was emphatically the most ambitious attempt of the season. The playing lacked volume, fulness, richness of tone. The lower accompaniments were often lost in a sort of rumble, were blurred and indefinite. At times you almost felt that a great deal of this elaborate orchestration was work undertaken in vain. The moral remains that Wagner did well to desire a Bayreuth. Specialised, secluded, thus alone could these amazing conceptions come to their final kingdom of realisation. Of course, the Moody-Manners Company is a most conscientious and well-trained body of operatic workers; but it is again proved that wine and oil will not mingle, that if you give, quite admirably, night after night, performances of light opera (light more or less, that is), you cannot expect to win equal success in the performance of any section of so tremendously exacting a work as what is probably the most exacting section of the great Tetralogy.

Among particular members of the Company the name of Miss Anna Hickisch may be mentioned. She is by birth an American and studied in Paris with Bouhy. Mr. Charles Manners, who seems to have an unfailing instinct for picking up promising material, engaged her last season, and during the present season she has had ample opportunities of justifying his confidence. She has sung Micaela in "Carmen" with particular sweetness, and has also done that rare thing, achieved a success as Venus in "Tannhäuser." Her Nedda,

too, in "Pagliacci" was an excellent piece of work and deserved all the praise it received.

How many, one may wonder, cherish any particular recollections of the first-night of "Pagliacci" years ago at Covent Garden? Melba then was the Nedda—a part which she has now set very definitely on one side—and enthusiasm ran high. On the occasion of the second performance, Sir Augustus Harris strewed the stalls with a snow-storm of Press notices proclaiming the advent of a master-piece. That may or may not have been; and these words make only a memorial, and possibly a garrulous "Key-note."

The Promenade Concerts have, perhaps, been not very exciting of late; but Mr. Henry Wood has continued the artistic tenor of his way with all his usual pluck, courage, and sense of what is right in music. This season has only seen a repetition of the fact that Mr. Wood's personality is among the strongest musical influences now in England. His tireless energy, his fortitude, his kindled enthusiasm make him, in a sense, unique in these cold and unenthusiastic climes of ours. To compare his conducting to that of certain high-toned professors of music is to compare a glowing fire to a candle. He is ever alert for new things, ever eager for the popular progress (one means by that, the progress in education) of musical art; and his share in achieving that aim is indeed no mean one. He knows how to encourage new talent and how to exploit the old. One doubts genuinely if any ordinary visitor to the Queen's Hall on a Promenade Concert night realises exactly how much that one performance has meant to the conductor of the concert. The series is now coming to an end, but that does not imply that Mr. Wood is at all likely to give himself any rest. His musical duties are multifarious, and all of them he fulfils strictly and with a rigid sense of responsibility.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS ANNA HICKISCH (SOPRANO).

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. Seymour Hicks has doubtless, owing to the final rehearsals of Dr. Barrie's charming new play, "Quality Street," at the Vaudeville, been unable to see the first performances in London of his musical piece, "An English Daisy," which a few days ago reached the Metropolis after some weeks' touring. Had Mr. Hicks seen "An English Daisy" as it "shaped" in London, he would, perhaps, set about better working up this otherwise promising play, especially as regards the plot thereof. He starts with a semblance of more story than usually appertains to modern "musical plays"—so called, perhaps, because they generally contain more music than play. But, ere long, this Ostend piece "flickers down"—not into brainless "pantomime" (as Tennyson said), but into batches of more or less incongruous songs and dances, sandwiched with several merry monologues and anecdotes by the always irresistibly funny Mr. Tom E. Murray. By some careful revision and building-up, better histrionic opportunities would be forthcoming for this fine comedian, for the charming young Miss Zena Dare in the name-part, and for Mr. Walter Slaughter's always dainty and melodious music.

Mr. William Greet seems to have quite a Gargantuan appetite for theatre-running, or theatre-acquiring. To the many playhouses which he already rules he is about to add the Adelphi. When Miss Nance O'Neil finishes her season at that house, Mr. Greet will, in conjunction with Mr. Murray Carson, commence a five years' lease thereof, starting, in all probability, with one of the many long-promised adaptations of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's stirring series of episodes built around that redoubtable sea-dog, Captain Kettle.



Faulty Timing—Who Holds the Record?—Extending the Limit—Mechanical Restrictions—A New Trade Corporation.

TO those who closely follow the feats of the motor-car racing-men, the recently announced kilometre records on the sea-front at Deauville sounded rather suspiciously fast, as the course is by no means ideal and the preliminary run did not afford opportunities of attaining the highest speeds. Moreover, the winner of the trials, Gabriel, had not a car so vastly better than Jarrott's, as was shown by the pair of them not differing by more than a dozen seconds in two hundred and fifty miles on the only occasion when they tried conclusions on equal terms. An added strangeness lay in the fact that everybody else drove, or was reported to drive, far faster than his known best form. Hence the revelation now made that the time-keeping was at fault through failure of the watch held at the finishing-point comes more by way of explanation of a puzzle than as a surprise. But a point needing elucidation is why the erroneous time-keeping was suffered to go forth as authentic in the first place. The error would be observable at once when the watches of the two time-keepers were compared. Why, then, were the times announced only to be discredited afterwards?

On setting aside the Deauville fables, we are confronted by the problem of deciding between no fewer than three claimants to record honours. Of these, the fastest is Mr. Charles Jarrott, whose record of 28½ sec. was made on a falling gradient at Welbeck. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's 29½ sec. was on the public road and practically level, but the course was chosen by himself, with an unlimited "take-off," and the third is M. Léon Serpollet's record of 29½ sec., made at Nice in competition. It is not, however, indispensable that a record should be accomplished in competition for it to be accepted, so long as it is timed by accredited watch-holders on a fair course. All three of these trials were officially vouched for, and, although Mr. Jarrott's course was favoured by gravity, he cannot be accused of hunting for a special *locale* to suit himself, as he used the private road, by permission of the Duke of Portland, which the Automobile Club had held its trials on a few days earlier. But for the accident of bad weather in the Club trials, the time that Mr. Jarrott did privately, though officially vouched for, would have been done in the open competition. If the course was not proper for him, it was equally improper for the Club trials, but, being invested with the sanction of the Club, where else could an aspirant to record honours in England so suitably go as to Welbeck? Further, although helped by the slope, the shortness of the approach practically levels the course, when compared with one on which the highest speed can be reached at the very beginning by reason of the unlimited opportunity for developing the flying start.

Colonel Chichester, the Chief Constable of Huntingdonshire, has fallen in line with the authorities in Surrey, for he has announced that he is in favour of motor-cars being allowed to proceed at twenty miles

difficulties under which motorists suffer than going in for fresh legislation, with numbering as a sop to the watch-dogs that sit by the road-sides. Huntingdonshire has, however, been very active against motorists, even to the extent of putting on a day-and-night continuous



A PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENT.

service of constables on the lonely stretch of the Great North Road which crosses this county and tempts the automobilist to an inoffensive if illegal speed.

If the Legislature were really in earnest in limiting the speed of motor-cars, the most successful way of dealing with the problem would be to prohibit the construction of cars having capacities for more than a specified speed. In these early days of mechanical road-traction, the pioneers are having plenty of pleasure at extraordinary speeds; but when the roads come to be filled with automobiles, their mere multiplication will compel sober speeds. Our roads, outside towns, to-day are relatively empty—they tempt possessors of fast cars to hurry; but when they fill up—there will be no use for a fifty or sixty miles an hour carriage, and no considerable hardship would be inflicted on the motor-world generally if it were forbidden that cars should be geared to travel at more than, say, thirty-five miles an hour. The objection that such a rule would not prevent a car being taken downhill faster than that speed need not be considered seriously, for there are few hills where a car will drift, when out of gear, at more than that rate, and, even if they did go faster downhill as free-wheelers than the official maximum permitted for driving, there are vastly more miles of level and uphill and gently undulating roads than of chutes where gravity would induce high speeds unaided. Ultimately, we shall, in all probability, be legislated for with a constructional limit, and it is only the present generation of motorists who will be able to do their occasional eighty miles an hour on the public road.

A Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has been formed, under the Presidency of Mr. Frederick R. Simms, for the protection, encouragement, and development of the automobile industry of the United Kingdom. It has a great list of objects, but its first work has been to endeavour to secure unanimity in the trade on the Show question, and, although it cannot actually compel the holding of one Show only annually, it has already succeeded in securing pledges from the leading motor-manufacturing firms in this country to show at one exhibition only, namely, the one to be held in February next at the Crystal Palace. The Automobile Club endeavoured to promote uniformity in the trade in this matter, but without success; but, now that the trade is organising itself in its own interest, the Show nuisance may be expected to cure itself, for it is unquestionably a nuisance to have a group of rival Shows instead of a simple representative exhibition. The new Society intends to promote improvements in the law, to elevate technical and general knowledge among persons engaged in the trade, arrange for technical instruction, and hold competitions and trials as well as Shows. If it lives up to half its programme, it will be a busy body.



AN AWKWARD TURN.

an hour on the open road, and has informed the Standing Joint Committee of the county that he has not instituted any prosecutions where cars travelled below that limit. Such discretionary administration, if it became universal, would be a simpler solution of the present

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Plunging—Autumn Events—Apprentices—National Hunt Racing.

I AM told that some very heavy plunging took place at Doncaster. One professional backer lost £40,000 in the week, and one big bookmaker dropped £20,000 through laying against Sceptre for the St. Leger. If layers choose to gamble and act in direct opposition to the opinions held about horses by their owners, it serves them right if they lose. Mr. R. Sievier told all the members of the Press, and, in fact, all his friends, that Sceptre could not be beaten for the St. Leger. Yet I am told on reliable authority that hardly a creature backed the mare on the course, and, had it not been for money that came from the Continent at the last moment, she must have started at 5 to 1. Indeed, in one or two cases as much as 9 to 2 was laid. Possibly the people who lost their money relied on Sceptre's trial with Wargrave, when, so it is said, the latter won easily. Against that, however, was the judgment of Sceptre's owner, who seemingly knows a bit more about racing than most people do. It is, I think, the first instance in my experience of a horse being laid against when her owner said to all and sundry that she should be backed. The moral of it is that "Bookmakers are expensive gamblers." It is hardly possible to round the book by peppering one animal, and that one a big public favourite. If Mr. Sievier had been betting as big at Doncaster as he did a year or two back, Sceptre must have started at even money for the St. Leger.

Some lively speculation has taken place over the Cesarewitch. The public—no mean judges, by-the-bye—have fastened on to Carabine, who ought to have won the Ascot Stakes easily, but was just beaten by Scullion. It seems Carabine hung so terribly that Lane could not get him properly going until the straight was reached, when he had fifty yards to make up, and just failed in the task. John Collins, who owns Carabine, is a well-known bookmaker. He likes the public to be on his good things, and he makes no secret of his opinion that Carabine has a great chance. Robert le Diable, about whom I have heard a great tip, may be kept for the Cambridgeshire, but, in any case, he should be supported for the long race if sent to the post. Elba is the fancy of the Newmarket division. It will surprise many to hear that my Newmarket representative assured me she would beat Sceptre in the Oaks. She only ran a respectable third at Epsom, and belongs to Lord Cadogan, who is not half so successful with his horses as is Sir James Miller, who trains in the same stable. If Black Sand had been kept for the Newmarket race instead of being sent on the Sunday previous to run on the Continent, he would have started nearly favourite. As it is, he must be treated as an unknown quantity. If Huggins has anything in the Cambridgeshire better at the weights than Ballantrae, then the race is all over bar shouting. It will be remembered I went solid for Spectrum for the race last year, but she ran in a paltry sweepstakes, while Huggins captured the big race with Watershed.

Many owners are grumbling because the five-pound allowance claimed by boys in their first year is upsetting calculations. In my opinion, the allowance is the best thing ever introduced by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and, if one or two boys become "unfashionable" directly the allowance period has passed, that is no

reason why recruits should not be encouraged. Since our apprentices have come to the front, racing as a sport has improved immensely. The Jockey Ring, if it does exist, is practically harmless. Foul riding is on the decrease, and it is possible for any owner fancying his horse to back him with confidence. True, there are occasional mishaps and upsets at the starting-post, but these could in the main be classed under the head of unpreventable accidents. The little boys riding at the present time are intelligent, refined, and, what is more valuable, honest. The boys of the old brigade, who rode mysteriously, winking and whispering, have lost their form, and a good job too. One of our Dukes once said in a letter to a noble Earl that, in his opinion, all jockeys were—rogues. This could not be truthfully repeated at present, and I should pity the man who tried to get an apprentice to do anything wrong on the Turf. Of course, the boys have to ride to orders, and, if their mounts lose, the blame often rests with those who give the instructions. It is not many years since I put up an apprentice and told him to come away directly the white flag fell. He did as he was told, but the jockeys halloed out, "Come back! No start!" The

boy—it was his first mount—pulled up, and a certainty by this means was bowled over. Jockeys would not be able to work this trick nowadays.

The prospects for the winter game are good. It is hoped that the mile-and-a-half hurdle-races will attract some smart three-year-olds to the jumping business, although it should not be overlooked that a good sprinter will always win a two-mile race over hurdles. Irish owners intend to invade these shores once more, and, according to rumour, many of the jumpers to be sent over are a bit above the average. I am told that Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Henning, the Australian sportsman whose horses are under the

charge of Mr. R. C. Dawson, will race under National Hunt Rules. Harry Escott has some useful jumpers in his stable, and Mr. Gorham, who won the Grand National last year with Shannon Lass and is interested in the Plumpton Meeting, will send out several runners. The Epsom stables will furnish the usual contingent, and Mr. E. Yates will, I expect, pick up a few prizes, as the Alresford horses are, as a rule, well trained and well ridden. It is somewhat unfortunate that the professional cross-country jockeys should find it so difficult to get a living at riding in this country, and, according to rumour, many of these will spend the winter on the Continent. If by a stroke of good luck the colours of the King were to be again carried to victory in the Grand National by Ambush II., I think steeplechasing would commence to hum once more.

CAPTAIN COE.



JAMES BRAID MAKING 'A BIG DRIVE.



J. H. TAYLOR DRIVING FROM SEVENTEENTH TEE.

THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' COMPETITION FOR THE TOOTING BEC CHALLENGE CUP AT ROMFORD LINKS LAST WEDNESDAY.

The second annual competition of the Professional Golfers' Association for the Tooting Bec Challenge Cup took place last Wednesday on the Romford links. The winner, Mr. James Braid (Romford), played a steady game throughout, and secured the trophy with an aggregate of 148. Mr. J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey, the holder), with a score of 155, was unfortunate in that he was just beaten for second place by one point by Mr. C. Ralph Smith (West Middlesex) with a total of 154.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT people are coming back to town is a plainly evidenced fact in the crowded condition of the narrower thoroughfares, which swarm with heavily luggaged "growlers" or top-heavy hansoms, while what Americans call the sidewalks are thronged with just-returned Londoners, the women gazing ecstatically into the shop-windows from



THE NEW SHORT SKIRT.

[Copyright.]

which they have been divorced for many weeks. Everybody looks brown or rosy, according to the manner of her complexion, and the trade of the beauty-doctor must evidently suffer temporary eclipse until the deadly Metropolitan atmosphere wrecks its will on our much-suffering cuticles. London, as most people know since science proclaimed its analysis in the Press, has little or no ozone in its airless air. Therefore the life-giving breeze of sea or moorland has nothing in common with the nebulous nothingness we poor townspeople draw into our oppressed and defrauded lungs. Small wonder that those who can, and many more who financially can't or shouldn't, fly out of their overgrown city whenever a chance presents itself. When one considers the seven Metropolitan millions, and the comparatively limited space they cover, while the doctors inform you of the exact amount of air in cubic feet each one requires for breathing, one's mind staggers before the unsavoury facts of London atmosphere from Mayfair to Mile-End. Almost does one contemplate the semi-refined seclusion of Wild-West Kensington in the recoil—but not quite. Again, from the woman's point of view more especially, what a grievance exists for us all in London water! Hard as nether millstone or prehistoric flint is this cruel fluid in which we daily bathe and wash, to the greater excoriation of our suffering skin. To have lived on a pleasant hillside all the summer and been provided bountifully with soft spring-water is also to realise on home returning, as the poet saith, that existence in our excellent Village is not all Pomeroy and Whitstables, which is the modern equivalent, I take it, of the earlier English beer and skittles.

Talking of the beauty-doctor, I took occasion to lately ask a girl who is going in for massage and all that sort of thing if she really

considered it a possibly well-paying trade for girls to adopt. Her answer was in the affirmative, and its truth, as she pointed out, was based on two great facts. All women like to be beautiful, or as beautiful as they can; and, equally, all women wish to preserve youth and to ward off age. Here, therefore, we have the motive-power of the beauty-doctor, who has never before existed in such numbers or been so widely patronised as to-day. And, as my informant contends, when fees become lower, as in the course of competition they must, a constantly widening *clientèle* will reward the expert. Now the face-masseuse establishments charge seven-and-sixpence for one treatment or five guineas for a course. But there are many other places, like stores, or where ex-pupils of the pioneers have set up for themselves, that charge only half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence for what is known as electrical massage and all the appurtenances and administrations thereto. As to the actual question of whether face-treatment "from the brow of care smooths away a wrinkle," as genial Tommy Moore has it, that is a question between Masseuse and Madame into the solemnity of which I cannot enter, my chiefest interest lying in the information gleaned that face-massage offers a profitable prospect of livelihood to the girl who is forced to make a living in these overcrowded days of dire competition, while an argument of its efficacy may, perhaps, be laid down that an exalted and illustrious lady, whose youth seems immortal, has for years been massaged two hours daily, and attributes her extraordinarily youthful appearance entirely to this custom.

The shops in London last week had, I noticed, at last put on a frankly autumnal air, and the flimsy prettinesses of summer have



[Copyright.]

A CHIC DESIGN FOR COLLAR AND MUFF IN RUSSIAN SABLE.

disappeared, alack, for another nine whole months, or, at all events, eight. Solid millinery had replaced the airy, fairy complications of gauze and foliage that still linger in provincial market-towns, and a glow of brown and red, like the robin's winter coat, made cheerful

cause with more sombre greys and blues for winter wearables. A great deal of attention seems to have been paid by the caterers to the coming ubiquity of the motor, and most workmanlike coats of every fur imaginable, and hats to boot, are shown everywhere. Deerskin, being a good brown shade and with close-lying hair, seems chief



PRIVATE HANCOCK, WINNER OF A "LEMCO"
FIFTY-GUINEA CUP.

favourite; and there is a lovely grey fur, soft and pliable, the name of which I cannot remember, that is most becomingly worked into hats and collars and capes. The favourite fur neck-gear for the winter takes the form of long, flat stole-ends, and I look in vain for a recurrence of the sable tails which we have been doing to death in several senses in recently past winters. Spanish turbans, with rosettes and tassels, or, more expressively, blobs, of fur are worn largely in Paris and are travelling over to us. But I never think an Englishwoman dons this shape with the *chic* of the Parisienne or the abandon of a Spaniard. It wants a tip-tilted air especially its own, and a pair of bold black eyes under the brim.

People who could not get up before have all been scampering Scotland-wards for the various meetings that have taken place this last week. Inverness has been crowded out, and Wednesday's ball, following a day of much athleticism and many excitements, was altogether a spectacle of superlative brilliance. Lord Lovat, just home from "the Front," and with all the honours of his splendid Scouting Corps thick upon him, was naturally a personage amongst personages. That charming young heiress, Lady Margaret Grant, was in admired evidence, and Mrs. Bradley Martin, who, having cast the Transatlantic dust from her feet, is now nothing if not Caledonian, was gorgeously arrayed. At the Western meeting, always conspicuous for its strong contingent of old Scotch Catholic families of note, Lord Harris had a party, and Lord Bute an even larger one. Lady Loudoun was also in picturesque form at both balls, while Sir Archibald Hunter was a popular personality. Delightful weather helped matters through, and, though the private stands had a very covered-up appearance, there were gay gowns in plenty under the sables.

In this season of *va-et-vient*, which is also thieves' holiday-time, there is naturally a considerable amount of luggage robbery going on, as well as that which takes place in the half-servanted houses of the absentees. Within the limits of my own acquaintance, two friends have had dressing-bags stolen during the past month, and the only wonder is that anyone escapes. To see the utter absence of order, method, or supervision at any ordinary English station is to marvel that anyone ever sees his own again. If everyone would use a distinctive and very obvious mark, much of this pandemonium would be avoided, and it would still further simplify matters and prevent thieving if the luggage, being placed behind a barrier, was only handed to owners when claimed in its proper description. A friend has had three scarlet crosses painted on her boxes, another has chosen three horizontal bars in orange paint; and, needless to add, there is never any difficulty in retrieving either. I recommend the notion to our unimaginative and old-fashioned British Railway Companies.

SYBIL.

THE LAST OF NEWGATE.

Another of the relics of Old London is now disappearing, this time further East than those which have been demolished of late. The grim old walls of Newgate are following those of Millbank, and soon the old prison and Court House in which so many celebrated and sensational trials have taken place will cease to be familiar objects to Londoners. The prison, however, is not so old as is generally supposed, for the present building dates only from about 1770, though, of course, it occupies the site of a far older prison. On the southern wall are some old figures which once stood on the New Gate, and I hope that they will be preserved. The figure of the cat at the feet of the statue of Liberty is said to record the fact that Lord Mayor Sir Richard Whittington enlarged the old prison; but, whether this is so or not, the figures are well worth keeping as relics of Old London.

Jack Sheppard was one of the most notorious inmates of Newgate in the old days, and the leg-irons in which he was placed when recaptured after his famous escape are still in existence and have been removed to the Guildhall. The old shackles and handcuffs have also been taken away for preservation, and the collection of plaster casts of murderers' heads has been handed over to Scotland Yard. Another part of the prison which will probably find its way to a museum is the old iron door outside which, until 1868, criminals were executed in public before a laughing and jeering crowd, such as was described in Lord Tomnoddy's adventure in the "Ingoldsby Legends." It is hardly credible that such a gruesome and indecent sight was permitted in London only thirty-four years ago, and it is largely to Dickens and Thackeray that we owe its abolition.

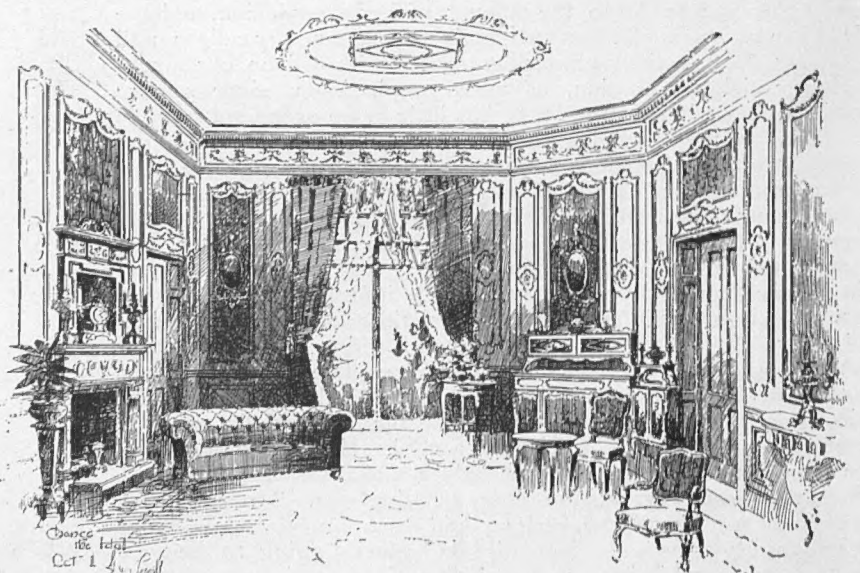
FRENCH FURNITURE DE LUXE.

A fashionable hotel in that favourite haunt of fashionable people, Monte Carlo, is the scene of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, "Chance, the Idol," now being played at Wyndham's Theatre, and, naturally, French furniture *de luxe* figures largely in the principal scene. Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, N.W., have made the private sitting-room at the Casino Palace Hotel very charming, with dainty bits of French furniture and delicate draperies and fitments; and in the second interior scene, although the furniture is lighter and simpler in character, there is a lovely old Dutch inlaid bureau which to see is to covet. The play, indeed, is beautifully put upon the stage.

During the absence, through indisposition, of Miss Louie Freear, her part in "A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Strand Theatre, is being most cleverly played by Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pullman limited express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 5, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.

Private Hancock, of the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment, had the distinguished honour of winning for his regiment one of the two fifty-guinea "Lemco" silver cups, presented by the proprietors of "Lemco" (Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited) to the troops in South Africa. Reproduced on this page is a photo of Private Hancock and the solid silver cup presented to him by General Lyttelton on July 15 at Pretoria. The task, which was open to all ranks, was a severe trial of skill with the rifle and physical endurance in those tactical operations demanding thought and judgment of the individual which the South African War has demonstrated are essential in warfare under the new conditions. Lance-Corporal Haxby, of the 3rd Battalion East Yorks Regiment, won the second fifty-guinea cup.



"CHANCE, THE IDOL," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE: ACT I, CASINO PALACE HOTEL, MONTE CARLO.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 13.

MONEY AND INVESTMENT STOCKS.

CONSOLS and the whole group of gilt-edged securities have been very dull, not only upon the rumours of the proposed Transvaal issue, which probably will not be made this year, but on the increasing prospects of dear money and a drain of gold to America. There are still a lot of "stale bulls" in the Consol Market, and also a larger number of people who, if they have paid for their stock, have done so on borrowed money and are only waiting to get out on the

smallest excuse. For the present, both kinds of speculators must possess their souls in patience, although there are signs that very nearly bottom has been reached, and there is a considerable investment business being done by all sorts and conditions of people, who have money lying idle and prefer to chance a rise in Consols to accepting the miserable rates that they can obtain on deposit from the banks and discount houses. Within our own knowledge, during the last week over £30,000 has been put into Consols by this class of investor.

Although at the moment many people are pessimistic as to a



MR. JAMES HEBBARD, MANAGER OF THE
BROKEN HILL SULPHIDE CORPORATION.

Photograph by Jenkinson, Broken Hill.

revival of business, we shall be surprised if the autumn does not show a decided change—one might almost say, great activity. For months prospectuses have been few and far between, but everybody in the City knows that this has meant postponement only, and, to encourage both investors and speculators before the numerous delayed schemes are brought out, it is pretty clear that the wire-pullers will have to engineer a revival of activity in the markets.

HOME RAILWAYS.

Kaffirs having lost their charm for many of their usual devotees, the latter have not been slow in turning their attention to a market which does, at least, experience a few changes day by day. Quite an unusual amount of speculation is now in course of progress amongst the Home Railway section, and the presence of the fortnightly operator would probably act as a stimulant to prices, were it not for the bugbear of dear money. There are plenty of members in the Stock Exchange who go so far as to say that they would be delighted to see the Bank Rate put up to 4 per cent. at once, and thus cut the Gordian knot of perplexity which surrounds the question as to whether the Rate will rise or not. And, of course, 4 per cent., if somewhat high, is far from being a bad working minimum. It is very doubtful whether contango charges would vary to any great extent if the Old Lady added the extra half or one per cent. of which we are all so dreadfully nervous, and, after all, the carrying-over rates do play a prominent rôle in the Home Railway Market when speculation instead of investment takes to leading prices. Pessimistic though it may appear, we should not like to trust the rise in Rails too far. Investors have better fields wherefrom to cull their selections than the Home Railway Market at the present time, and the traffics hold out no particular hopes of sensational results at dividend-time next February. Districts may conceivably improve upon their recent spurt, for the syndicate running the stock has much to gain by the price advancing. Amalgamation with the Metropolitan seems, unhappily, as far off as ever, but the Consolidated stock of the latter Company deserves careful watching, and might be picked up on any relapse. Now that the dividends on the Scotch stocks are published, there is not much left to go for yet awhile in this section, and, since traffics continue to compare with those of the Glasgow Exhibition season, it is probable that the next few weeks may witness a dulness in Caledonian and North British descriptions. Flying from one end of the country to the other, the stocks of the Southern Companies seem peculiarly vulnerable to all symptoms of evil, while they fail to recover on the good days; but, while South-Eastern Deferred, Dover "A," is over-valued even now, South-Western stocks look reasonably cheap on their merits.

THE YANKEE MARKET.

Notwithstanding the wild vagaries of money in New York, the strike and crop reports, the piling-up of new capital issues, and half-a-dozen

other good reasons for flatness, the Yankee Market maintains a sort of defiant strength which commands at least academic interest. The new emissions, which are now being so lavishly made by good and bad lines alike, must be regarded as one of the most ominous signs in the financial horizon of the future. Just now the United States is brimming over with prosperity, and, with Railroad prices standing at high market levels, the "bosses" can count upon getting as much cash as they care to demand, provided they fix the new issue prices at a level that offers attraction to the speculator. When the recently raised money comes into the accounts of the Companies as interest-bearing, and when the full tide of America's prosperity begins to show signs of turning, the crass folly of to-day's finance will become apparent. It is all very well to say that the money is being spent on betterments, and that every fresh dollar subscribed puts the earning power of the undertaking on a sounder bottom; such arguments may be defensible enough during the years of plenty, but when the other side of the picture comes round there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. It need scarcely be pointed out that the huge issues of capital do not benefit the line to the full extent of the money subscribed. Look at the United States Steel Corporation business, where the underwriters secured a commission which in this country would be deemed monstrous. Moreover, the need for the new money could have been so easily met by the deferment of dividends on the Common stock for a while, and the defence raised in favour of the underwriting was so flimsy that it can but cause a smile. For all this, however, it must be repeated that the Yankee Market, despite its fluctuations, gives no immediate indication of breaking; in fact, it looks as though the financial troubles of Wall Street may be again tided over by the men at the helm, and as if a resumption of the rise were still on the cards.

WEST AFRICANS ONCE MORE.

Broomassie shares are entitled to the distinction of having infused a little new life into the joyless Jungle, and the strikes which have been made on the Company's properties are quoted as simply samples of what West Africa will be able to do when once it starts crushing in good earnest. So far, the public proper has refused to be drawn into the resuscitated gamble, and, beyond those jobbers who deal "right in the centre" of the market, Housemen report that business in the shares is nearly as quiet as ever. Nevertheless, there are good authorities who think that the animation may spread before long, and that the country is about to turn out results which must convince the most sceptical as to the payability of mining in West Africa. We seem to have heard talk of this kind before, and probably the wish may be father to the thought. Still, the present hardly seems a good time to sell Jungle shares, and the faint promise of hope discernible in the market is sufficient justification for retaining interests on the chance of the prices going higher yet.

BROKEN HILL.

The following interesting letter has reached us from our Broken Hill Correspondent—

Broken Hill remains in the throes of the depression. The rise in the price of lead, so long promised, has not yet come, and if it arrived now it would cause a surprise. People are becoming pessimistic. At first, it was, "Oh! the depression is only temporary," or, "A few months and lead will rise again." Now it is, "Will lead ever rise?" We have almost given up hoping. Several mines, shut down for months except for exploratory work, are now simply resting on their oars. They have, during the slump, proved the existence of large bodies of ore; now they are waiting for lead at £12 to start working them.

Yet, although only three of the large mines have kept going full-handed, things, when soberly analysed, are not really so bad as they appear. They are certainly bad, but they might be worse. The Proprietary for the six months ending June 30 made a gross profit of £68,236, and distributed £72,000 in dividends. The South, too, has been able to declare regular dividends, and the work of the Sulphide Corporation has been so profitable that it could also distribute some of its profits. Although Block 14 has been forced to shut down altogether (after, for some months, scooping out of rich carbonate ore), Block 10 has seen its way to put on another shift of men. Moreover, the British and the Junction have laid bare some magnificent bodies of ore, which now only await working.

About 4300 men are still at work on the various mines. This number ought to be double, and will be when things improve; meanwhile, we can only wait.

The Proprietary, as stated, made a profit of £68,236, in the face of a loss in metal values (compared with the first half of 1901) of 12s. 2d. per ton in lead and 2½d. per ounce in silver. The dividends declared bring the total distribution of the Company for the seventeen years of its life to £9,864,000. The Company for the six months treated 308,878 tons of ore for a lead production of 32,289 tons and silver of 2,554,169 oz. The ore cost £1 19s. 1½d. per ton to treat, and gave a profit of 3s. 1½d. per ton. In 1891 the profit per ton ran to £4 5s. 11d. This mine gives big figures. Those just quoted represent one-twelfth of the world's lead output and a thirty-third of the silver! Profitable working on the Proprietary, South, and Sulphide Corporation has only being possible by the exercise of the strictest economy. Working costs have been materially reduced, and the recovery of the metal contents of the crudes has improved. These things were forced on the Managements, so, after all, "out of evil cometh good." The benefit of these economies will be better felt later on. The Proprietary is now unwatering the McBryde Shaft, which carries water up to the 800-foot, and, when it is clear to the 1100-foot, work will be resumed at the 1000-foot. This time the Management will really find out what is to be won at the lower levels. At present, about 700 feet is the deepest active working on the mine. Recently, electric power has been introduced on the property for haulage: it has been so successful as an experiment, that a larger plant is to be erected. Block 10 has also been impressed with the value of electric power, and is following the Proprietary's lead. Block 10 is likewise going to install a new milling-plant.

The South Mine wants a new main shaft. This will cost £45,000, and the Directors want the contributing shareholders to bear all the burden. Contributors, however, won't, and a big fight is proceeding. Just now, it looks as if the contributors, though numerically the weaker, will carry the day and the Directors' proposals will be amended. The Company pays quarterly dividends in the face of the condition of things, and shareholders consider that the profits should be made to pay the expense of mine works.

Block 14, after losing £21,279 for six months, reconstructed a fortnight ago by issuing a hundred thousand new shares at 6s., the issue to carry a preferential right to a dividend. This Company between March 1899 and March 1901 paid £40,000 in dividends, but questionable management landed it in a hole. The Manager recently resigned, and has since been appointed to the management of the Chillagoe Mines, in North Queensland.

The British Mine is doing nothing, simply waiting for the clouds to roll by. As I said in my last, the development work carried on since production ceased has revealed vast bodies of payable ore, which have, seemingly, many dividends in them. The same thing may be said of the Junction. North, Junction North, Victoria—all three are doing the barest possible work; Block 10 looks better than it has done for a long time; the South is a mine in a million, and every visit underground increases one's respect for the magnitude of the ore bodies exposed; the South Blocks, for a small mine, continues to hold out great possibilities, and I can only repeat what I have so often written before, that the ore in the Broken Hill mines is all right; all that is wanted are higher metal-values.

The Sulphide Corporation have unwatered the Extended shaft to over 800 feet. When it is clear to the 1000-foot, a cross-cut will be put in towards the main portion of the mine. (Block 10, by the way, has been testing at depth; the 1015-foot has excellent prospects.) The Corporation has been carrying out a series of zinc-distillation experiments at Cockle Creek, using the Sulman-Pickard process. The experiments, however, towards which much attention was directed, have not been the success anticipated. The process was chosen by the Company's metallurgist in Europe, where it was said to be getting out 80 per cent. of the zinc and leaving the residue a smelting silver-lead ore. Now this has for years past been regarded as the ideal way of going about the business. Schnabel, the Freiberg Professor whom the Barrier Companies imported ten years ago, devoted his chief experiments to the preliminary solving-out of the zinc. He could do it in several ways, but he could not make it pay. In 1895, T. J. Greenway, who was advising Block 14 and the South, reported to the same effect. For a few weeks it seemed as if the process had achieved a victory, but results only disappointed hopes. Other experiments, however, have proved that the zinc ores can be treated successfully. The Australian Metal Company can score with zinc at £19 per ton, but something cheaper is needed. To quote what appeared in print here the other day. The zinc is here. "There is the stuff already on the surface alongside the rails—hundreds of thousands of tons of it, and already crushed fine. Every year, about 500,000 tons are produced, containing from 5 to 6 oz. silver, 5 per cent. lead, and 15 per cent. zinc; some richer, some poorer, but varying less than the original ore did. This is not only raised, then, but the first process, the crushing, is done. The inevitable second process must be to get rid of the sulphur." The Proprietary Company is trying the Heberlein process; the Carmichael-Bradford process is claimed to be a step ahead of that. By this, the sulphur driven off can be converted into sulphurous or sulphuric acid; and either of these will solve the zinc, which must be the third process. "The great importance of a process for getting out the zinc lies in the fact that, not only is spelter very valuable (it is nearly always £3 or £4 better than lead), but if it is out of the ore about 45 or 50 per cent. more silver and from 20 to 25 per cent. more lead can be recovered."

The Proprietary Company has adopted the Huntington-Heberlein process: several Companies are watching closely the Carmichael-Bradford process. Meantime, the Proprietary Company has been turning its slimes into a marketable product by the slow though cheap process of heap-roasting—desulphurising the ores by means of ordinary kiln-burning. Heaps of, say, 1000 tons have turned out satisfactorily, but the larger kilns, carrying up to 5000 tons, haven't given the clean results necessary. However, the fault is a mere mechanical one. One of the Proprietary Managers confessed recently that, even with the present price of metals, this process would yield a profit of £1 per ton. The carrying-on of this sintering has led to the establishment of a little township a few miles outside Broken Hill, where the kilns are located. The successful treatment of these slimes, if the £1 profit be correct, means at least 3s. per year more in dividends per share. Taken altogether, then, the outlook for improved treatment and recovery of metal in the ores is particularly bright.

Nothing encouraging can yet be reported from the A.B.H. Consols, although for the past six weeks the Manager has been daily expecting to strike another bonanza. It will, possibly, come when least expected. "Outside shows" are dead, except for the Euriowie Tin-field, which has been given a new life. Excellent ore is being won from several claims, and a number of the old blocks have been re-pegged. In the olden days, Euriowie was spoilt by amateur management; to-day, men know more about the ore of the district, and I think the field will soon loom large in the public eye.

Several changes have taken place in the Management of the Sulphide Corporation. Mr. A. E. Savage has resigned his position at Cockle Creek, and Mr. C. F. Courtney has been appointed General Manager for Australia, with jurisdiction over Broken Hill and Cockle Creek. Mr. James Hebbard (ex-Government Mining Inspector), Assistant-Manager, succeeds Mr. Courtney as Broken Hill Manager. Mr. Hebbard is a good man and will do the mine full justice. His picture is reproduced for the benefit of English shareholders.

Saturday, Sept. 20, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

READER.—We do not see how you are to get out of paying the sum demanded. We presume you were the registered holder of the shares, and that, on the face of the certificates, it is clear that only 8s. 6d. had been paid. If this is not so, you could appeal against the settlement of your name on the list of contributories; but to do so successfully you would have to employ a solicitor, and have some good reason to give for escaping.

J. A. N.—If you purchased a copy of the *South American Journal* of Sept. 13, you would find in it a long and interesting article on the draining of the Lake of Guatavita, and as full a description of the enterprise in which Contractors, Limited, is engaged as we know of. The question of the engineering methods, the geographical position of the lake, transport, labour, &c., are all dealt with in the article we have mentioned. We, unfortunately, have not space to deal properly with the subject.

NIMROD.—The Company is one of the Albu group and has a capital of £1,000,000. It is largely interested in various outcrop and deep-level Companies, such as Meyer and Charlton, New Goch, New Steyn Estates, and others. If there is to be a rise in South Africans, this Company will improve with the rest. In buying the shares you will be getting solid value, not rubbish.

BIG BEN.—The shares on your list are, of course, regular rubbish. The Klerksdorp shares have a liability of sixpence. Most of the others are fully paid. If you wish to gamble in this sort of thing, probably Balkis Land, and Barretts, are as good as anything else.

ELSIE.—(1) See last week's Notes. We can add nothing to what we said there. (2) The people are outside touts of the worst kind. You must lose your money if you deal with them. (3) Globe Telegraph shares or Gas Light and Coke Ordinary might suit you.

BOULOGNE.—The price of the shares is about a shilling, but it is doubtful whether you can sell them. If you can, by all means do so.

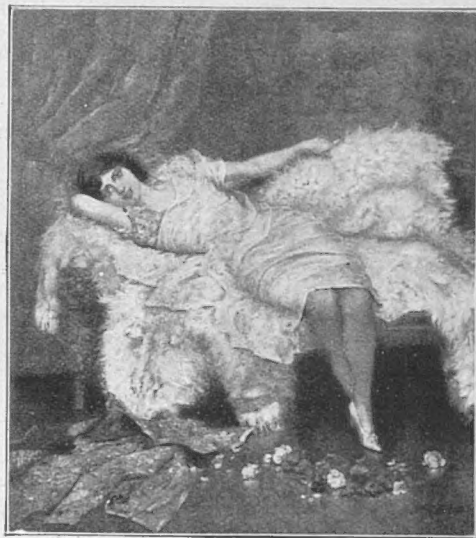
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